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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL—Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS—$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1862. NO. 28.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DAY.

BY ECHO QUILLPEN.

How glorious returneth the day!
What majesty in his approach!
What grandeur, in gilded array,
Illumines his presence and sway;
As Cynthia's glimmerings wane—
The twinklers of night cease to reign—
And Nature's voice, rous'd by his fire,
Rejoicingly tunes her sweet lyre,
Responsive t' his life-quick'ning touch!

How busily passes the day!
How actively stirring is life!
The grazing herds—lambkins at play—
The singing birds—butterflies gay—
The toiling ant—honey-dew'd bee—
And myriads on land and in sea,
Are moving—the merchant of trade—
The plowman—the sexton and spade—
The soldier in battle-field strife!

How earnestly passes the day!
What eagerness marks ev'ry face!
The youthful—the aged and gray
Are anxiously working life's way,
The infant sweet, watching for smiles,
Gay childhood swift climbing o'er stiles,
The maiden fair, searching for flowers,
The student improving his hours,
The trav'ler whose footstep ne'er flags,
The mendicant cover'd with rags;
The doctor prescribing for pains,
The merchant transacting for gains,
The creditor pressing his claim,
The orator striving for fame,
The author pursuing his theme,
The poet portraying his dream,
And millions who struggle for bread,
And thousands that weep o'er the dead,
Stand witness, and solemnly say,
That "earnestly passes the day,
And earnestness winneth the race!"

How tranquilly closeth the day!
His glory dissolves in the west!
And ev'nings dull liv'ry of gray,
Descending, conceals the bright ray
That beams back his smiling adieu,
Till he shall return fresh and new;
The yeomen relinquish their toils,
The plowshare delays its sad spoils,
The oxen are turn'd out to graze,
And the red-breast ceaseth its praise;
The honey-bee no longer roams,
And wanderers haste to their homes;
The mother-hen hovers her brood,
The wild bird her young in the wood,
The children, forsaking their play,
In bed are soon nestled away;
The hammer, the anvil, the forge,
Suspend their unmusical dirge;
The shuttle lies still, and the axe
Is swung on the woodmen's stout backs;
The clangs of the battle decrease,
The cannon's loud thunderings cease;
The soldier lies down on his arms,
To dream of his home and its charms;
The tumult and bustle of life
Are calm'd, and the jaw-bone of strife
Is thrown down; while hush'd is the voice
That, mirthful, is want to rejoice;
The slave, and the master unkind,
The mourner, the halt and the blind,
Forgetting all troubles, they all,
Encircled by night's sombre pall,
Unconsciously sink to their rest.

Mooresburg, Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

BY ANANIAS W. SAWYER.

Though dark is the pathway before thee,
And heavy the burden ye bear,
Be not discouraged, press onward,
And win of earth's prizes thy share.
What if thou hast been oft beaten—
Hurled heavily down to the dust;
Arise, and let not thy mind armor,
Resolution, get covered with rust.
Never give up; O, no, never
Sink down 'neath adversities blows:
Stand up like a man, and give battle
To all of thy gathering foes.
Fight on to the last, if triumphant
Thy manhood is proven great;
Fight on to the last, and if conquered
Fall fearlessly fronting thy fate.
O, gallant heart, fly not life's battle;
Thy courage yet will prevail;
Thine enemies flee from before thee,
As thistle-down speeds 'fore the gale.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

VIOLA VENNOND;
OR, LIFE ON THE BORDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS, ESQ.

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CHAPTER IV.
THE VILLAIN SHOWS HIMSELF.

"I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall."

As the bright rays of the approaching sun pierced the foliage of the grove, the trappers were astir and making preparations for the journey that was before them. Vannoven had passed around the trees in order to see whether there were any signs of savages; and, finding nothing to arouse his suspicions, had returned and reported the state of affairs to the rest.

Seth was the last to arise, and when he made his appearance he seemed half asleep and bewildered.

"Where's my gun?" he demanded, suddenly stopping and gazing about him.

"Gone off, I guess, agin," answered Wandaught.

"Where's it gone to?"

No one paid any attention, however, to his questions and remarks, and they were at last stopped by his finding the rifle near the outer edge of the grove, where one of the hunters had probably carried it while the owner was yet asleep. One of the number had kindled a fire, and a huge piece of buffalo was soon roasted. In a few minutes this was devoured, and the hunters, placing their different loads upon their animals, started forth.

The storm of the preceding night had wrought a wonderful change in the face of nature upon the prairie. Where, the day before, nothing but a few black blades were seen, was now visible the velvety prairie grass, and in some places the wild flowers had loaded the air with perfume. It was an immense field of verdure.

As the destination of the five hunters was the same, it was agreed by all to keep company for a few days at least. The eccentric Vannoven had made up his mind to trap alone, and he was fully determined that none should share his company. Summerfield, with his companions, were on their way north toward the trapping grounds, and from Vannoven he learned that they would trap within forty or fifty miles of him. Yet, as we have said, he would accept of no company, and assured the rest that he should part with them in three or four days at the most.

For most of the day the ride was over the peculiar rolling prairie which prevails so much in the Far West. This has an almost painful sameness and monotony for any one save those who, for years, have been accustomed to it. Seth expressed his indignation every few moments, but little heed was paid to him by the rest, and the company moved patiently and quietly onward.

About the middle of the afternoon, Wandaught, who was riding considerably in advance of the rest, suddenly halted and raised his hand above his head. The sign was understood by the rest, and, without speaking, they reined up their animals and waited for further communication. In a moment he lowered his hand and started forward, the rest doing the same. All, however, now proceeded more slowly and with greater caution than before.

He had gone about a mile or so further, when he again halted, raised his hand as before, and waited for the others to come up.

"What's the word?" asked Vannoven.

"Sign," returned Wandaught, without removing his eyes from the point at which he had been gazing when they came up.

"What?"

"Kioways, and a big party."

"Which way?"

"East, and comin' this way too."

"Close on us?"

"Not very. They've bin round all the afternoon."

"Seen us?"

"No, I guess not, but we'll have to show ourselves purty soon. Thar's 'bout forty or fifty on 'em, and they're goin' 'bout as fast as we are."

"Do you suppose they are friendly?" asked Summerfield.

"Friendly!" exclaimed Wandaught, with a meaning stare. "Yas, if they can't lick us they're friendly. Understand?"

"Fully. If they number enough we must understand that they are not friendly."

"I s'pose we'll have to get into another muss," exclaimed Seth, indignantly.

"You needn't be afeard, Crooked Pegs," sneered Redzel, "that shootin' iron would scare all of 'em to death, pervidin' yer didn't lose it."

"I can tell you, if you were among them, dear friend, you would find there was no danger of my losing it, nor of the bullet losing the mark either," retorted Seth, stung to the quick by the contemptuous remark of Redzel.

"Come," interposed Summerfield, "this is foolish child's play. Wait till you grow older before you indulge in such conversation."

"And, Mr. Greeney, wait till yer axed to put in your blab," said Redzel, and then to Seth, "How'd yer manage, gawky, to wabble 'bout on them pegs?"

"Very easy, I s'pose as you manage to see."

"Come, don't give me none yer talk," exclaimed the trapper, bent on having trouble with Seth by some means or other.

"I'd like to know whether you think—"

Further utterance was cut short by a crashing blow directly in the mouth of Seth. He staggered back a pace or two, when, as he tasted the blood, he clubbed his rifle, and before even his assailant divined his intention, brought a murderous blow upon the head of Redzel that felled him like an ox. Summerfield sprang forward to interfere, as he saw the bloody track of Seth's rifle; but, in spite of him, his assailant arose and leaped toward Seth. The blood was streaming down his face, adding a ghastly intensity to his passion, while Seth stood quivering and perfectly white with rage.

"Let 'em have it out," said Wandaught, stepping back and complacently viewing them.

"Yas, if they're fools enough to fight and scratch, why I says let 'em doot," added Vannoven.

"This is a fine state of affairs," exclaimed Summerfield, bitterly. "We are even now discovered by our enemies, and these two fools must employ their time in using their strength upon each other. If I can prevent it, I *shall*."

He seemed as excited as the two combatants, and approached them with a determined air. Stepping forward, he placed his foot upon the breast of Seth, who was under and almost throttled by his adversary, and concentrated his strength and gave a powerful jerk. The two separated, and, yielding to an impulse, he flung Redzel a dozen feet from him. The latter sprang to his feet, and like a demon leaped toward him. Vannoven and Wandaught, however, seized and held him.

"Come, Sam," said the latter, "you've done 'bout enough. You're makin' a fool of yourself."

"Let me alone; I'll have the blood of both of 'em, I swear. They shall both die!'

"Come, come, that's plenty, now."

But the infuriated madman heeded no advice, and catching a rifle, cocked it and raised it to his shoulder. Wandaught just knocked the barrel upwards as it was discharged, and the bullet passed so close to Summerfield's head that he involuntarily started. He said nothing, but caught Seth, who again started for him.

As soon as Redzel gained enough of his senses to see that he was prevented from doing harm, he gave vent to an oath, and sprang upon his horse.

"Remember, you'll hear of me agin!" said he to Summerfield and Seth, as he struck his horse into a gallop.

"Yas, and I reckon you'll hear of me about that time!" returned Seth.

The four stood and watched him as he continued galloping away. Once or twice he turned his head and made a threatening gesture, but said nothing. His body continued rising and falling and growing less, until it was but a trembling atom in the distance, and finally it faded from view altogether.

"There goes a dangerous enemy!" said Summerfield, as he turned and mounted his animal.

"That's so," said Wandaught. "Sam'll remember you as long as he lives."

"Yes, and I'll remember him," replied Seth, furiously.

"I'm sorry it's happened," said Vic, "but Sam has no one to blame but himself for it."

"The precious fool ought to have been shot long ago," added Summerfield. "If he ever has a chance to revenge himself upon us, he will most certainly do it. I expected, when I came across him at Independence, that we should have trouble with him. I wonder how Jim ever got along with him so long."

"I allers had to yumer him, and bear a good 'eal!"

"Wal, we're likely to have trouble from other ones," added Vannoven, with a significant emphasis, looking at the same time in the direction in which the signs of danger had been seen.

It was now growing late in the afternoon, and, after a few minutes' consultation, it was decided to move forward a mile or two, where Wandaught said was a small stream of water. It was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, as it was more than probable that they had already been seen by the Indians, and the peril was indeed imminent.

The quarrel and fight of Seth and Redzel had its effect upon Summerfield; yet Jim and Vic seemed to have entirely forgotten that such a thing had occurred. They rode together, and now and then exchanged a word in an undertone, and were wholly occupied with the safety of the company.

"Seth," said Summerfield, earnestly, "I censure your imprudence highly. You should have had more far sightedness, to say nothing of Christian feelings, than to engage with such a vindictive man as Redzel."

"I do blame myself, George; but that feller has given me a little more'n I can bear. He took a dislike to me at Independence; and ever since that trick he served me the other night, I've felt as though I'd like to burn him, and I can tell you that the feller that collars me must look out."

"Yes, but you must remember that you provoked Redzel—"

"And didn't he provoke *me*?"

"That may be; but let the matter go. I am confident that we shall both yet feel the revengeful spirit of Redzel before we leave the prairies. I can only regret what has occurred, and caution you to be on the look-out for danger—and now let us ride forward, for other matters demand our attention."

The company had reached the stream spoken of, and commenced making preparations for passing the night. The spot possessed little advantage, although a great many disadvantages. It was in a depression in the plain, which formed a sort of breastwork around them; and yet there was not the smallest tree to afford them a chance to conceal themselves. The open prairie bounded them on all sides, and in case they were attacked by the war party it can be seen that their chance was poor indeed.

Just as they halted, the sun sunk below the horizon and darkness commenced settling over the earth. The four animals of the trappers were picketed a few yards up the bed of the stream, so as to give notice of the approach of a foe from that direction, while it was determined that Jim and Vic should act sentinel through the night. In answer to Summerfield's inquiries, Vic informed him that the Kioways were not far distant, and that in all probability they would be attacked before the morning dawned.

There was no danger to be apprehended before late in the night, and Jim kindled a fire without hesitation for the purpose of cooking their supper. This done, they partook of it leisurely, and extinguished it, and then began to make preparations in earnest. Vic passed a short distance down stream, while Jim went out on the prairie and reclined upon the ground; and, at Summerfield's earnest request, he was allowed to go a short distance in the opposite direction, and thus Seth lay down securely guarded upon all sides.

In the course of an hour or so the weather suddenly grew colder and continued until it seemed that the winter had broken upon them. A slight wind blowing from the northwest was the cause of it, bringing the climate of the mountains with it. This wind continued increasing for an hour or so, when it again subsided, blowing only in fitful gusts at short intervals.

Nothing occurred for a long time to excite the suspicions of any of the hunters. The horses could be heard plucking the grass, and now and then a signal was exchanged between the sentinels; but they soon ceased, for each seemed to feel that danger was closing around them.

CHAPTER V.
THE FIGHT AND A RACE FOR LIFE.

"Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury."

It must have been considerably past midnight before the slightest sign of danger was heard. Summerfield had fallen into a sort of half-asleep and half awake state, when the nerves are painfully sensitive, when he heard a peculiar whistle from Vannoven. It was slight, yet full of warning. He was about to start to wake Seth, when Wandaught touched him.

"—sh!" he whispered. "I've woke Seth. Thar'll be sumthin' dun shortly."

"Are the Indians near?"

"Yaas, they've bin creepin' around for the last two hours. The horses have been oneasy, and several time Porkypine has sniffed the air orful mad."

"How near are they?"

"Right 'round us, I said. Thar ar about twenty or thirty only, and they tried to come down stream first; but they found they couldn't get past the animals, and they're comin' up from below."

"Well, what is going to be done?"

"Vic is down thar, and 'll let us know how matters ar goin' 'long. We aint sartin of thar number, but they can't be over twenty-five. If they're less, I ca'culate there'll be some fun here, for we aint gwine to show *sich* a number our heels."

"Suppose that there are more, as I am afraid is the fact?"

"We must mount and make tracks. We'll move out to where Seth is, and wait for signals from Vic. If he says that thar are too many, we'll git on the hosses and wait for him; but if he wants to show fight we'll wait for sarcumstances to develope themselves. Move still."

So saying, Wandaught commenced walking in a very prone position, while Summerfield followed with the silence of death. In a few seconds they reached Seth, who was crawling around the earth, seemingly much worried with something that had happened.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim.

"Thunder and lightning!—"

"Don't speak so loud, you'll be shot sure as the world!"

"Wal, thunder and lightning, as I was going to observe, I can't find my gun. I bet that devil of Redzel has been here and stole it."

"If he'd stole yer shooter, *you'd* never tole it!" replied Jim.

"Wal, them Engins have then."

"No, they haven't. You have left it somewhar, like a fool, and you'll find it thar now. Somefield, let us help hunt. Ah! here it is!"

The hunter had found it within a few feet of the spot upon which he was standing, and handing it to Seth, remarked:

"Thar, hold fast to the old thing, for I ca'culate as how you've got to use it 'fore you see many more days!"

A moment or two after there came a suppressed whistle from Vic.

"They're close onto us," whispered Jim in explanation.

In a second or two there came the same signal, repeated twice in succession.

"He's goin' to show fight! See that you're ready."

Just as he uttered these words, the rifle of Vannoven cracked, and they heard him yell:

"Give em —, the sneakin' devils," and the shouts and howls of the savages mingled with those of the hunter; and at the same instant Wandaught leaped forward, followed by Seth and Summerfield, who in a few moments were in about as hot quarters as any one could wish. It was so dark that the Indians could only be seen when directly upon them, and then they appeared like shadowy demons darting to and fro in agony. There was constantly the reports of rifles, and sometimes by the lurid flashes the hideously-distorted features of the combatants could be seen, and then again all would be struggling furiously in the impenetrable night.

Summerfield, when he rushed blindly into the fight, came so violently in collision with a gigantic Indian that the rebound threw him backwards upon the ground, and before he could rise his swarthy enemy was upon him. There is no doubt of what his fate would have been had not Seth most opportunely come to his aid at the critical moment. He was so near when the occurrence took place that he knew its nature, and discerned the savage as he leaped upon the fallen body of Summerfield. Before he could plunge his knife, he clubbed his rifle and brought so terrible a blow upon his head that the skull was literally shattered to pieces! The Indian rolled to the ground without a struggle, and Summerfield sprang to his feet and mingled in the affray which was going on so fiercely about him.

The contest was as short as it was terrible. The assailants had not counted upon such a reception, and could not stand before the fury of the trappers. They had expected to find them off their guard, and hoped to scalp them without any serious trouble; but they found their fatal mistake when half their number were slain, and, setting up a mingled howl of rage and disappointment, broke and fled in wild confusion.

"Whar's the Engins? Whar's the Engins?" demanded Seth, darting about fairly wild with excitement.

"Most of 'em gone to —" (naming a terrible place)

"Wagh! wagh! that's what this chap calls fun," laughed Wandaught, as he saw the strife had ceased.

"Fun for you, but death to the Indians," returned Summerfield.

"Blast it! it's through too soon. Why it's done before it commences," said Seth, panting with a perfect fever.

"You needn't be disapinted, for you'll see 'nough of this 'fore you see the States agin, I can tell yer."

"I hope so. Any of you hurt?"

"*I* never gits hurt in such a scrimmage as *this*," returned Vic.

"Nor me neither. How is it with you, Somefield?"

"I have hardly a scratch worth mentioning. It seems we have all had an almost miraculous preservation. I have had some rather rough usage, but I believe am more fortunate than any of you in escaping."

"We've all got some scratches, but nothin' worth speakin' on, less it's Seth here."

"Oh! I aint hurt much, though I felt more'n one knife."

"Well, what shall be done?" asked Summerfield. "Shall we build a fire, or wait till daylight before examining our wounds, that is such as we have?"

"We can't build a fire, that's sartin, and I opine that we hadn't better wait till mornin'. Them wasn't all the redskins that ar about these parts. They thought as how these fellers here would be 'nough; but I guess they've found thar mistake, and now they'll come down in a parfect swarm, and I reckon we'll find rather hot quarters here. My idee is to mount hosses while night is hyer, and leave for other parts."

"That's the talk," added Vannoven. "You fellers just go bring the animals round, while me and Jim lifts ha'r."

As Summerfield had no desire to assist in the latter operation, he willingly went for the horses. He feared that they had left during the confusion, but they were all used to such scenes and had not moved at all. Taking Vannoven's animal, the others followed until he came to where the two hunters were busy at their revolting work. They were joking roughly as they stooped, and seizing the prostrate forms by the tuft upon the head, ran the keen point around it, and jerked it rudely off. Summerfield said nothing until they were through, when he quietly remarked:

"Your horses are ready."

"Yas, I see. Aint that beautiful?" asked Wandaught, holding up several scalps. Summerfield made no reply; for, although he felt a sickening disgust at the sight of the scalps, he thought it best to not express his opinion; but he could not help recoiling when, on account of the darkness, they were held so close to his face as to nearly touch it.

"O, you needn't be scart," added Jim. "They wont hurt you. You've got to git used to sich things. I should think you'd travelled enough in these parts to know the sights."

There were some seven or eight savages slain, all of which were scalped by the two trappers, after which they mounted their animals.

"Now, Vic, you lead the way," said Wandaught, as he mounted.

Without replying, the hunter moved forward, and the rest followed. They had gone a mile or so, when the faint streaks of gray in the east showed that the day was close at hand; and, for this reason, it was necessary that all haste should be made, as in all probability the remaining savages were in the neighborhood. In the course of an hour or so, the sun appeared in the horizon, and the prairie was lighted up by the broad blaze of light. Summerfield glanced anxiously around, but saw no savages and congratulated himself upon his fortunate escape. His hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment. Before he had time to speak he was electrified by hearing Wandaught exclaim:

"Blow me to blazes ef yonder aint the whole lot!"

And as they turned their eyes toward the south, they saw as many as a hundred mounted Indians rapidly galloping toward them. They were coming without any regard to order, and their number appeared much greater—so great that the four hunters concluded at once that their only hope of safety lay in their horses, and that, could they not distance their pursuers, there was little chance of ultimate escape.

"Thar's a long run for us!" said Wandaught. "Shall we separate, or keep together?"

"Keep together as long as possible. Come, we must get over ground faster than this!" said Summerfield, as he distinctly heard the faint yell of the savages.

The latter were coming from the southeast, and the trappers changed their direction so as to move in the same—toward the northwest. Vannoven took the lead, and his horse sprang away, seemingly conscious of the threatened danger.

It was now plain to both the pursuers and the pursued that the contest was a race, and that the victory rested with the horse which showed the best speed and endurance. Vannoven's animal had been in such races before, and was never overtaken by another, and he himself was certain of finally distancing his enemies. Wandaught had twice come up to a foe with his, and had never been deceived with him. Seth's animal was similar to Summerfield's, and they both had some fears of their holding out in a very long run. Summerfield knew that, for a short time, he could leave any behind him, but he had good reason to fear the bottom of the Indian animals.

Vannoven and Wandaught's animals started off on a steady gallop—such as they were capable of continuing for many hours, while Summerfield and Seth judged it prudent to save the strength of theirs, and consequently they gradually fell some distance behind the former. This had been continued but a short time when they saw that their speed must be increased, for the Indians were perceptibly gaining. Loosing the reins, they shortly came up beside the two old hunters, who seemed to feel no concern at all about the state of things. Nothing was said for some time, when Seth spoke:

"They're gainin', as sure as lightning!"

As Summerfield turned, he saw that such indeed was the fact. The party, however, did not hasten their speed for an hour or so, when Wandaught remarked:

"They're gainin', that's the fact! Heigh!"

The latter exclamation was to his horse, which instantly thrust its head forward, and increased its awkward but rapid gait. Vannoven's imitated him without any command, and the other two did the same.

The race now began to assume a serious character to all parties. Far behind could be seen the picturesque and fantastic figures of the Indians, slowly but steadily and surely gaining upon the trappers. Vanneven's animal was lumbering along on a sort of half trot and canter, with his nose pointing directly ahead and his thin tail projecting in such a manner that it was nearly a straight line from it to his ears. Vic himself sat composedly in his seat, with his eye fixed vacantly upon the ground a few yards ahead, his left hand loosely holding the rein, while his right rested leisurely upon his side. He seemed as though he was half asleep, while his horse was running at his own pleasure. A foot or two behind him was Wandaught, whose appearance was nearly the same. He seemed, however, more conscious of the situation of himself, and now and then cast hurried glances behind him. His horse travelled the same as Vannoven's, and kept about the same distance from him. But probably Summerfield felt the most anxiety of any; not that he was possessed of less courage, but because he had good reason. He well knew that his animal was not one that could bear such travelling for a long time. Sooner or later he must break and give out, and his heart throbbed painfully as he even now saw unmistakeable signs of weariness. He, however, remained calm, devoting his whole attention to the management of his noble beast, which indeed worked manfully. Now and then he found it necessary to draw the rein, as he plunged too impetuously forward. He, however, maintained his position between Wandaught and Vannoven, neither gaining nor losing ground. Seth said nothing to any one excepting his own horse, which he was constantly admonishing to travel a little faster, to keep steady, and not let himself be overtaken by the merciless savages. He was several feet at the right of Vannoven, and also held his own ground well. In fact, when matters had thus come to the pinch, his horse began to show that he really possessed qualities equal if not superior to the rest. Thus the four moved regularly and swiftly forward.

Steadily the distance lessened between the pursuers and pursued. The savages felt confident of success, and now and then gave vent to fierce, exultant yells. All at once Wandaught gazed behind him and exclaimed:

"Thar it comes! look out!'

And at the same instant several red tongues of fire shot from the foremost Indians, and their rifles burst upon the air. The distance, however, was too great, and their shots came wide of the mark.

"Now," said Vannoven, "s'posen we try our hand, Jim?"

"Hyer goes," he answered.

And the two suddenly wheeled their horses half round, and raising their guns, took a quick aim, and fired.

"Whoop!" yelled Vic and Jim in concert, as they saw plainly that their shots had taken fatal effect; for, strange as it may seem, two savages, mortally wounded, reeled and pitched from their horses at the instant the pieces were discharged. The infuriated Indians, giving vent to their demoniac howls, fired again and dashed forward. The two trappers deliberately loaded, and again wheeled and discharged their pieces, and with the same deadly effect. They were used to such business and understood it too well to ever waste a bullet. The Indians, without returning the fire, pressed forward more determinedly than before, bent upon overtaking the whites at all events.

"Heigh!" exclaimed Jim, "we've got to let our hosses do their best!"

As he spoke, his horse and Vannoven's simultaneously leaped forward, increasing their gait very greatly indeed. Seth's did the same, while the speed of Summerfield's remained unchanged. The latter saw this, and, hesitating a moment, suddenly turned to the left, and urged his horse into a full run.

"Good-bye all!' he said, cheerfully. "Look out for yourselves, I'm in a tight place, and can't keep with you!"

He smiled pleasantly as they looked wonderingly at him, and warned back Seth, who turned to follow. The three saw that his movement was the wisest course, and they lost no time in idle words, but kept upon their own way.

"Now, Ned," said Summerfield, "do your best for awhile. Our safety depends upon you; and if you only show the rascally savages your true mettle, we'll give them the slip yet. What do you say, Ned?"

Ned said "I will," as plainly as an animal devoid of reason can, and so increased his speed that his rider saw with a thrill of hope that he was distancing the savages. When he changed his direction he had faint hopes that the Indians would not follow him. He was, however, sadly mistaken. As he gazed back he could see full a dozen in full chase.

Mile after mile flew under the feet of the pursuer and pursued. For a half hour, Summerfield distanced his foes; then for a time the space separating him from them remained unchanged, but now he saw too plainly that his animal was giving out! The savages were gaining rapidly and surely. Nobly and painfully, however, did his animal struggle for his master.

"O, God!" exclaimed Summerfield, "am I destined to die upon this friendless prairie? Is there no avenue of escape? Save, Lord, or I perish!"

Several times he thought of surrendering without further effort; but he too well knew the consequence of such a course, and still clung tenaciously to the faint hope that yet remained.

Suddenly he saw that he was saved! Directly ahead of him he detected the white tops of a number of emigrant wagons, and he knew that strong and friendly arms were there. Although far ahead, he despaired not of reaching them, but urged his horse again forward. Soon he could see the darker forms of the animals and men of the train, and he raised a shout—a shout that reached both friends and foes. The latter returned it, and fired their guns at him; and seeing that their prey had passed safely beyond their reach, they halted, paused a moment, and galloped away.

CHAPTER VI.
THE EMIGRANTS.

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods;
And our work on many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone before."

There are times when it seems that Providence interposes directly in our behalf. We are sometimes almost tempted to believe that the days of miracles have not yet gone from earth, and are assured that hardly a person lives who cannot point to some day when the hand of his Creator was made visible—when he felt that something more than mere circumstances governed his destiny.

When a man is brought so near death as to despair of life, and is then saved, he is certainly in the best frame of mind to believe this; and if ever a fervent prayer of thanks ascended to this saving Power, it did from George Summerfield's heart as he rode forward toward the emigrant train. He could not but believe his escape was miraculous.

His friends proved, as he suspected, a company on their way to the wilds of Oregon. As may be supposed, they evinced no little surprise at our hero's appearance among them, and overwhelmed him with questions and congratulations, all of which he pleasantly replied to, as his horse slowly made his way toward the centre of their train. They numbered about a hundred, all told, and were well provided for the sufferings and dangers before them.

"Rather a narrow escape," suggested one of their number, looking up in Summerfield's face with a quiet smile.

"Yes," returned he, "rather narrower than I care about experiencing again."

"How far have you been coming at this rate?"

"I can hardly tell. I suppose over a dozen miles. You can see that it was a terrible run from the appearance of my animal here. Had you been a mile or two farther, I should never have reached you."

"I'll be darned if you would!" exclaimed a long, gaunt fellow, all mouth and eyes, stalking and elbowing his way forward. "You come like a greased streak of sheet lightning. Jiminy! don't I wish them heathen had only come a little further. Wouldn't I walked into some of their meathouses? Wal, I rather guess I would. Say, you, you warn't smart. You oughter kindy circled round us, and brought 'em down within reach of our shootin' instruments."

"Come, Steph, don't talk that way now. Why didn't you go out with us to meet this friend, when we discovered that the Indians were pursuing him?"

"You git out! Didn't I tell you my gun had just got out of order. Seems you haint got much sense."

"Yes, you told us so; but we all knew well enough who was out of order."

"Now, look here, Tom, that ain't fair; it's really ongenerous. You know, without my tellin' you so often, and bein' obliged to repeat it on so many occasions, that we haven't a single feller among us so anxious to have a regular scrimmage with the heathen imps as I am. I won't except none the women neither when I make that assertion!"

"I am glad to hear that," remarked Summerfield, "for our good friend will have a chance to show his courage and prowess before long."

"Just what I's thinkin'," added another.

"Why, how's that—they ain't comin', be they?" asked the fellow, gazing hurriedly out upon the prairie.

Summerfield saw that a number of faces were turned anxiously and inquiringly toward them. He explained:

"You see there are very few companies that are ever allowed to pass over these plains without suffering an attack from the Indians. You have been discovered by a large body, and although you have fortunately escaped thus far, in all probability you will be set upon by a great force before morning. Yet I think that they are not aware of *your* strength, and I have no doubt that, if we are guarded and cautious, we can repel any attack they may be disposed to make."

"O, Jerusalem!" exclaimed Steph, rolling his eyes. "Won't there be an awful time?" and, without heeding the remarks of his associates, turned and walked away.

This alarming piece of intelligence was soon communicated through the company, but they all proved themselves men and women. There was a knitting of brows and compression of lips that showed the terrible determination upon the part of the men; and though there was more than one blanched cheek and quivering heart among the women, yet nothing of fear was said, and when Summerfield cheeringly remarked that whatever affray there might be, it would be a short and decided repulse of the Indians, there seemed something like cheerfulness to again pervade the company.

Our hero felt nearly famished, and yielded to their urgent solicitations to eat. The company having concluded to halt for the night, he dismounted, and seating himself upon the ground, waited for his food. While it was preparing, the famous Steph came and squatted beside him, and anxiously asked, in a whisper:

"Say, stranger, you sure them Ingins are goin' to come?"

Summerfield felt provoked and disgusted at this manifestation of cowardice. At first he determined to not answer, but at last, not attempting to conceal his contempt, he replied:

"Of course they're coming. Didn't you say a short time ago that you wished you could have an opportunity to show your courage?"

"Yas, I know. Don't speak so loud," he replied, hitching closer; "I was thinkin' whether these other fellers would show fight or not. You see," he commenced, lowering his voice, and looking very confidential, "most of these fellers never was in a fight, and I feel anxious about their course."

"Were you ever in a fight?" asked Summerfield, glancing sneeringly at him.

"O, Lord, yes!" replied Steph, his eyes dilating. "We chased a lot of 'em, and I killed nineteen, and was the means of saving the others."

"Well, then, friend, don't be talking to me, but wait patiently until the time comes, and then show your courage."

"Well, darn it! can't you answer a civil question?" demanded Steph, attempting to appear furious at the remark.

"Heigh there! what's up?" asked one of the others, overhearing the words.

"Oh! nothin', only this feller is mighty sassy," returned Steph, rising and walking away.

"You musn't mind him," observed the man, pleasantly. "He isn't overstocked with common sense, though I suppose his great failing is his cowardice. Heigh! here comes your fodder."

Summerfield turned and saw a light, graceful being stepping softly toward him, with a quantity of food held in a rough sort of platter before her. Her face was bent downward, thus preventing a full view of her features, but he had a glance at the tiny, elastic foot and exquisitely formed ankle that convinced him that they certainly belonged to a person of no ordinary beauty; and he surveyed the small but symmetrical form with a true artist's eye. It was a long time since he had gazed upon a female, and he was probably more susceptible to their charms in the great wilderness than in his own home. At any rate, he watched with an eagerness that surprised himself for her to look upon him. As she reached the spot where he was sitting, she stooped and gracefully placed the food before him. At that instant their eyes met, *and they loved each other.*

If such was the fact, it was surely strange. Nevertheless it was true, for they both admitted it long afterward. It is a rare thing that genuine love is awakened at first sight; and perhaps it may be said with truth that it is not really that passion, but the precursor of it. It may have been thus with Summerfield. He felt something more than a thrill of admiration as the clear liquid light of her eyes was bent upon him. She was small, but possessed a form whose symmetry was faultless. Summerfield saw a rich, glowing, but modest expression, a pair of deep, mellow eyes of liquid blackness, a small Greek nose, and a rosy neck and face, surrounded by a mass of luxuriant hair of jetty blackness, and the spell was complete. Of course she was not so completely lost, and found voice to say:

"If you wish anything, sir, just speak to this gentleman."

"O—ah—yes—as I was going to observe. I think so too," he replied, not knowing to what words he was giving utterance. He saw a quiet blush and smile upon the face before him that disclosed the beautiful teeth she possessed, and convinced him that he was making a fool of himself.

"Excuse me!" he added, blushing and stammering like a boy. "I misunderstood you. I believe you spoke of the weather. Rather pleasant, I think. Don't know but what we shall have a storm, however."

"I observed that, if you wished anything, you had only to speak to the gentleman at hand," she answered, with a half-coquettish expression.

"Thank you, thank you, I will. My mind was so busy that I did not heed your remark. Excuse me, will you?"

"O, certainly, sir. I supposed you were deeply meditating upon something," she returned, turning and walking away.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the friend referred to, who had been curiously gazing at this interview, "I do believe now that you were *struck*. But you aint the first one, old boy; and I 'spose it wont do you no good, for she's got enough fellers hangin' on her lips. But, blame me," he added, sobering down, "I believe you're good enough lookin' to cut out any chap you're a mind to."

Summerfield, as he saw that he had been observed, blushed deeply, and at the last remark he felt a throb of pain. He hoped that the man would go away; but, on the contrary, he walked closer, and added:

"Don't blame you much, for she is a fine gal, no mistake."

"Yes—don't you think we're going to have a storm?"

"Ha! ha! ha! why you're *green*."

"I confess," returned Summerfield, recovering himself, "that I was struck with her appearance, and was foolish enough, I suppose, to show it." (However this latter fact was far from not pleasing him.)

"Wal, as I said, I don't blame you much, for there are a great many fellers who've got themselves in the same fix. Steph, here, has but two feelings—one is love for that gal, and the other fear of the Injins."

"May I inquire her name?"

"I s'pose so."

"Well, what is it then?"

"Miss Vennond."

"What is her given name?"

"I s'pose that was given to her."

"No; I mean her other name."

"She hasn't got it yet, though I shouldn't wonder if it should be Summerfield one of these days."

"Fudge! don't you understand me?"

"Yas, me and Viola both understands yer feelins', and I must say that I am sorry for you," returned the imperturbable fellow with a great grin.

"Then her name is Viola, is it?"

"Who said so?"

"You just called some one by that name, and I suppose you were referring to her."

"Wal, I was—that is her name."

"Thank you for telling it so readily," said Summerfield, a little touched at his impudent coolness.

"Oh! you're welcome. Any more questions?" he asked, deliberately seating himself by Summerfield's side, and giving him a pinch upon his arm. Summerfield thought it best to preserve his good humor, and so he asked:

"Her name is Viola Vennond, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has she any relations here, in your company?"

"I rather guess she has *one tender relation*."

"No, blood relations, I mean."

"Not now; but if we're goin' to have that fight you've been talkin' about, I shouldn't wonder if she had some blood relations by mornin'."

"Where are her parents?"

"Her mother is dead, and her father emigrated to Oregon some years ago, and she is on her way to jine him."

"Oh, that's it!" said Summerfield, half to himself, nodding his head forward, and seeming to comprehend a great deal more.

"I bl'eve that's it, my old boy."

"That's it! that's it!" repeated Summerfield to himself. "I understand."

"Who said it wasn't it?"

"Where is she from?"

"I bl'eve Louisville is the place."

"Yes, yes; I see. I understand."

"It's a wonder that you do such a startling fact. S'pose you wouldn't mind seein' her agin?"

"Well, yes; I should be glad to," replied Summerfield, with a poor attempt to conceal his anxiety.

"Wal, come along, and I'll give you an introduc."

Thus speaking, he arose and walked toward the main body, followed by our hero, who it must be confessed was acting strangely indeed. A few steps brought them to where the females were, some seated and some occupied. As if comprehending the truth, all the former except Miss Vennond arose, and busied themselves with something. She was about to follow their example when Summerfield's companion spoke.

"Hold on a minute, Vily; here's a feller what wants to git acquainted. I s'pose you know he's fell in love with yer. Mr. Summerfield, this lovely gal is Miss Vennond. Now, go to work," he added, turning and walking rapidly away.

Summerfield bowed low and blushed deeply. There was a slight flush upon the face of Miss Vennond as she spoke.

"Pray, take a seat, that is such an humble one as we can offer. I suppose you are well aware that persons in our situations enjoy but few of the luxuries of society, and it is hardly necessary for me to apologize."

"Certainly not; it has been a long time since I have had a seat except such as mother earth has been kind enough to give me."

Summerfield looked up, expecting his companion to make some further observation; but as their eyes met, each changed their direction, and they were silent. He nervously fumbled his cap, but could think of nothing that would be appropriate. To his relief, she asked:

"Have you travelled much in this country?"

"Well, considerable," he replied, changing his position as though he experienced infinite relief thereby. "I passed over this country some years ago with a company of trappers, and am now going over the ground again."

Here came another vexatious pause, which was suddenly interrupted by Steph, who straddled up to them, with the remark:

"Gosh, Vily, have you heard how we're goin' to have an awful time to-night. This chap here says we're bound to catch it."

"Beg your pardon, dear sir; I did not," returned Summerfield, coldly.

"O, wal! 'bout the same," replied Steph, composedly seating himself near Viola. She gazed coldly upon this impudence, and was about to remark something, when there was heard some one calling him.

"Darn it! what do they want with me?" he exclaimed, rising and hurrying away.

"I have heard," commenced Viola, "that an attack from the Indians is apprehended, and believe that you brought the information."

"Yes; I was certainly sorry enough to impart such intelligence, and would have gladly avoided it; but as I was well satisfied that my suspicions were well grounded, I deemed it an imperative duty. 'Forewarned, forearmed,' you know."

"Certainly; any course except the one followed would have been censurable. And I heard, too, that you narrowly escaped capture. Do tell me all about it."

Summerfield was now relieved of all restraint, and commenced and gave a modest recitation of what the reader has seen in the previous chapter. It certainly thrilled him as he noticed the interest manifested by his fair listener, and perhaps he dwelt rather longer than was necessary upon the narration. When he had concluded, she asked:

"And you do not know what became of your companions?"

"No; but I do not fear for them. They were all well mounted, and without doubt effected their escape."

"I hope so, and further hope that your chances may never again be so weak as they were when you came up to us."

"Thank you for your wish, and I can certainly assure you that I have no desire to be again placed in similar circumstances."

"Oh! this warfare must be terrible. How I have prayed that we might be saved from an encounter! Yet I feel, and *know*, that awful scenes will be enacted before another day dawns upon us."

"Oh! I trust that we shall not have much trouble," returned Summerfield, hopefully. "I am confident that your force is able to repel them, and think it will be done in a short time."

At this juncture, one of the females approached, and, apologizing to Summerfield, whispered a word in his listener's ear, and then turned away. Immediately Viola arose, and said:

"You will have to excuse me, Mr. Summerfield. My presence is demanded, and I cannot refuse."

"Certainly. You must pardon me for detaining you thus long. But the minutes have seemed as seconds, and I little dreamt that it was thus late."

"No apology is necessary, for I labored under the same mistake. Pleasure made me forget time."

Summerfield arose, and added:

"As the evening is so close at hand, I suppose that we shall not see each other till morning—"

"—If then," said she, gazing into his face.

"Oh! I see I am more hopeful than you are. At any rate, I will only bid you a short good-bye."

She extended her hand, and as he took it he felt that it was in a perfect quiver.

"Good-bye, then, Miss—"

"Viola, I think, is better."

"Well, good bye, Viola, and God be with you." He felt his pressure returned, and heard her low reply. Ah! that pressure sealed the business with both. As for Viola, she wondered at her forwardness, and yet did not regret it, and Summerfield confessed to himself that his heart was lost—lost beyond recovery.

He did not fail to observe that he was watched by several, and had it not been for that awful expectation, more than one joke would have been passed upon him. Each was silent, and Steph, although he cast several baleful glances toward his rival, busied himself with the best means to protect his body from the bullets and knives of his savage foes.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

ONE day last summer a farmer in Illinois cradled three acres of wheat, and that night his wife, not to be outdone by him, cradled three babies.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BELLE AND I.

BY "W. J. B."

The moonlight glimmered through the trees, sending a flood of silver light over pillar, railing and trellis. The vine leaves made grotesque shadows on the floor; the wind came refreshingly through the lattice, bearing fragrance from a myriad of flowers beneath my window; strains of music came dreamily to my ear, and the sound of laughter and merry voices mingled discordantly with my thoughts.

I was at Newport. Nothing strange in that, the reader may say; but to me, poor little me, who was brought as waiting maid to my aunt and fashionable cousin, it seemed very strange.

I was the eldest of three children. My father died when I was young, and on his death-bed gave me to my aunt Jane, who had but one child, a daughter, nearly twenty. I always thought aunt Jane did not receive the gift very graciously, but intending, I suppose, to make the best of the matter, she made me a kind of head servant, which office I filled until I was nearly seventeen. One day I was surprised by the intelligence that I was going to Newport. Cousin Belle was going, aunt Jane and half a score of her friends, and as each young lady had a dressing-maid, I was appointed to that office, and daily received sundry lectures, about the "propriety of such a thing" and "impropriety" of another, all which "went in one ear and out the other," and was forgotten. This was how I came to be at Newport, and supposing the reader to be well acquainted with my history and station in life, I will proceed:

As I sat by my lattice-window musing on the events of my journey, I heard voices under my window, and peeping through the vine leaves, I saw Cousin Belle promenading the cool walks below with one of the most handsome gentleman I ever saw. I never saw Belle look so lovely as then—dressed in snowy satin, her dark hair looped up with crimson flowers; she leaned on the arm of her companion as cool and unembarrassed as though in her own *boudoir* chatting with some of her friends. "Who was that young lady, Miss Hatton, that came with you this morning? The one with brown curls and such a bloom on her cheeks; I half fell in love with her, Miss Hatton." "That girl, ha! ha! that was my dressing maid. Quite a romance, Mr. Leigh, love at first sight, &c." I closed the window and turned away with tears in my eyes. With all the heartlessness I knew Belle to possess, this was more than I had expected, and as I thought of home, of my mother and sister the tears came afresh. Before the clock struck six the next morning, I was dressed, and watching the water beneath, and fleecy clouds that sailed slowly over the sky. The trees and buildings lay mirrored in the water, now and then a white sail glided past, and then disappeared in the foliage, that hid them from my view. Belle was as unamiable as ever. If I dressed her hair in the "most approved style," it was sure to be wrong. Nothing could be done right for her. At last, to my great relief, the breakfast hour came, and we descended to the rooms below. Belle took care to seat me a good distance from Mr. Leigh, and so placed me between a dandy and fat old gentleman, whose efforts to make himself agreeable made him so red in the face, as to cause an old lady opposite to remark that, "wine was a mocker" and "strong-drink raging," at which the old gentleman remarked, "He thought likely." After breakfast was the bathing hour, and Belle was in the best humor.

"Surf-bathing," she told Mr. Leigh, was her especial delight, and at length inveigled the poor fellow into giving her an invitation to go down to the beach. But when Aunt Jane told her that Katie (myself) would like to go, it appeared to dampen her ardor considerable; but as she could not very well refuse before her companion, she made the best of the matter by saying nothing, and bestowing on me one of her withering glances, which plainly told me I should "catch it," when I got back. Putting on my bonnet, I followed them down to the beach, Belle not deigning to take any notice of me, whatever. Arrived at the beach, a gay scene presented itself to us. There were children, laughing and screaming; young ladies unused to swimming, were splashing awkwardly in the water—and there were the ball-room belles, giggling and simpering, constantly making some call on their escorts, who had but little time to amuse themselves, or any one, except their companions. Having learned the art of swimming when a child, I tossed my bonnet aside, and struck boldly out for a rock, whose sides were covered with seaweed, and which stood a short distance from shore. I soon reached it, and after several attempts climbed up its slippery sides, and seated myself to watch the crowd on shore. I could see cousin Belle a short distance from shore, clinging tenaciously to Mr. Leigh's arm, and uttering a scream every time she made a misstep, or any little accident befel her. While sitting on the rock, two gentleman swam past to a still larger one, nearly a quarter of a mile from shore. The eldest had large, blue eyes, and brown hair, which clustered around his forehead, and as I compared him with Mr. Leigh, I could but think that Cousin Belle had not "caught" the handsomest gentleman at Newport yet. After amusing myself long enough, I started for shore; and when about half-way there, a sudden pain seized me, my arms seemed paralyzed, I could no longer float, and began to sink. I shrieked—hallooed—but no one seemed to hear. I gave up at last, the water seemed to whirl around me—strange sounds filled my ears, and from that time I was unconscious.

When I regained my consciousness, I was in a strange place. Aunt Jane was bending over me, rubbing my hands, and there were a crowd of people around me, peering curiously into my face. There were great tear drops in Aunt Jane's eye, but what I noticed most, was a pair of large blue eyes fastened upon me, the owner of whom was the young gentleman that swam past me, and whom it appears had saved my life. When returning to shore with his companion, they heard my screams, and surmising that the young lady they had passed was in danger, they hastened to the spot and saved me.

I was ill for many weeks after that, but when I became able to sit up, I sent for the young gentleman to pay him my thanks. So one beautiful afternoon he came, I expressed to him my gratitude, and hinted to him that anything that aunt or myself could do for him, would be done with the greatest pleasure. Taking my hand, he whispered something in my ear that would hardly do to put in the newspaper, but what the impudent fellow said, may be inferred from this:—

MARRIED.—In Trinity Church, on the 1st inst., MR. HENRY HARDING to MISS KATE HATTON. All of New York city.

"ONLY ONE KILLED."

Only *one* killed. That's all. Only one vigorous young life suddenly cut short, only one happy household shrouded in gloom, only one home-chain broken, only one wife made a widow, one group of little ones made fatherless; or perhaps one fond mother's heart robbed of its idol, one tender sister made brotherless, one loving young heart stricken down in its first great agony. How may times within the last few months have faithful comrades broken the turf and deposited underneath the form of the "only one killed." The next morning's paper perhaps told of a "brilliant affair, repulse of the enemy, with only one killed on our side," etc; and after an indifferent glance at it, we passed on to the next paragraph. And yet for *some* poor hearts the term "only one killed," contains only an immeasureable amount of sorrow. In vain will they watch for that loved one who went out from them in all the strength and beauty of youth; in vain will they listen for the sound of that voice whose last music for them, was the sad cadence—"Good bye." The anxious eyes that so often gazed down the old road, will not be gladdened by the sight of that dear form; and the harmony of the home music will ever be broken, for that voice will always be wanting. 'Neath the willow is a little mound, and there, quietly sleeping is the "only one killed." And, alas! how many such little mounds there are scattered over the country—mounds that are marked by no headstones! No loving friends ever plant flowers on them, no loving eyes ever water them with their tears. Hands hardened by grasping steel consigned to the dust, and none but eyes unused to weeping, gaze on those little low mounds. We do not *realize* the vast amount of sorrow this war is creating. None but those from whose hearthstones have been taken the "only one killed" can realize it.

DAISY.—The word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—*the eye of day.*

AN IRISH EDITOR, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, July 9, 1862.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Reliable History of Events before Richmond.

FIVE DAYS OF ALMOST CONTINUOUS FIGHTING.

Repulse of the Enemy near Mechanicsville, on Thursday.

DESPERATE BATTLE AT GAINES' HILL ON FRIDAY

RETREAT OF OUR FORCES ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY.

Repulse of the Enemy in Front, on Saturday.

CONTINUOUS SKIRMISHNG ALONG THE REAR ON SUNDAY.

ANOTHER DESPERATE BATTLE IN OUR NEW POSITION, ON MONDAY.

OUR GUNBOATS ON JAMES RIVER IN ACTION.

The Position of Affairs on Monday Night.

[From the Special Correspondents of the New York Times.]

ARMY OF POTOMAC, ON JAMES RIVER, Monday Evening, June 30, 1862.

Events of the gravest character have transpired within the last five days, touching the condition and prospects of the Army on the Peninsula. Acting under the necessity which the Commanding General has long foreseen, the widely extended lines of the army, with its miles of well constructed defences, stretching almost from the James River on the left, to, and beyond the Chickahominy on the right, have been abandoned, and the army before Richmond has fallen back to a more practicable line of defence and attack upon the James River.

Hither the grand army, with its immense artillery and wagon train; its Commissary and Quartermaster's stores; its ammunition; its cattle drove, of 2,540 head; in fact, its entire *materiel*, horse, foot and dragoons, bag and baggage, have been transferred. This manœuvre, however—one of the most difficult and dangerous for a commander to execute in the face of the enemy—has been accomplished safely, though under circumstances of difficulty and trial which would have taxed the genius of a Napoleon. *The army has been engaged in constant conflict with the enemy for six days*, during which their highest energies have been taxed to the uttermost.

We have had no moment of repose—no opportunity scarcely to properly care for the wounded and to bury the dead. The enemy have closely watched every movement, and, with an army more than double that of our own, have had the ability to constantly launch fresh troops upon our rear, an advantage which they have been quick to discover, and remorseless in improving. Their perfect knowledge of the roads paths and bridges, and the topography of the country, which has taken us *time* to learn, has placed an immense advantage in their hands. Heaven grant that here, under the shadow of these hills, and with the co-operation of the gunboats, our overtaxed soldiers and officers may have that brief repose which is so essential to them, and to the existence of the army itself.

The interruption of all communication with the Government has, no doubt, convulsed the country with anxiety and alarm. A knowledge of the facts, however, will relieve this feeling, while any effort to conceal the truth will not only be fruitless, but will leave the public to imagine a thousand evils which do not exist.

Beginning with the fight at Mechanicsville, on Thursday, our advance forces, while steadily falling back, have had a continuous running fight.

On Friday, one of the severest battles which was ever fought on this continent occurred on the right of the Chickahominy, near Gaines' Hill. On Saturday, after our forces had retired in good order across the creek and destroyed the bridges, we were attacked in front of our encampments, but Gen. Smith repulsed the enemy, leaving the ground strewn with his dead.

On Saturday morning, the arrangements having been completed, the wagon train was started on the way to James River, and was followed on Sunday morning by the artillery and Commissary train.

Meantime the enemy, getting scent of our movement, strongly reconnoitred our front, and finding that several of our positions had been abandoned, pushed in and attacked us vigorously. Gens. Hooker and Richardson drove them back, and Gen. Meagher's brigade, always on hand at the right time, charged, and captured two of their guns. The rebels paid a dear price for the information which they obtained. The chief struggle was near Savage's Station.

Anticipating a movement on our right flank, the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy was destroyed on Saturday morning. The rebels, supposing we had fallen back on the White House, sent a large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery in that direction, but after a long, rapid and weary march, discovered they had gone on a wild goose chase in the wrong direction. They only found a small force of our infantry and cavalry scattered down to guard the rear, who fell back and escaped from White House Landing. The rest was one of those "howling wildernesses" which the rebels intend to leave for us. All the quartermaster and commissary stores had been removed two days before, and the rubbish burned.

Gen. McClellan and Staff left the head-quarters at Savage's Station at daylight on Sunday morning, with a body guard of the Fourth United States Cavalry, and halted some five miles out, after crossing the White Oak Creek.

There were, on Saturday, about one thousand of the wounded and sick, chiefly accumulated from the battle of Friday, many of whom it was found impossible to remove, owing to the nature and severity of their wounds, and as a matter of humanity, as well as of necessity, they were left behind. A great many, however, who could walk, slowly followed the track of the army, and the ambulances brought away a great many others.

WITHDRAWING FROM THE FRONT.

Gen. Hooker's Division broke camp in the intrenchments at 3 o'clock Sunday morning, and Gen. Sickles' and Grover's Brigades proceeded to the outposts to relieve Gen. Patterson's New Jersey Brigade. At 5 o'clock A. M. the three brigades fell back to the second line of redoubts, where they formed a line of battle with Richardson's and Kearney's Divisions, and remained until 8 o'clock P. M. On discovering that Gen. Hooker had fallen back, the enemy advanced his scouts with two field pieces, and opened a brisk fire upon his rear, along the line of the railroad.

Gen. Meagher's Brigade made a movement on both the enemy's flanks, while the Eighty-eighth New York charged in front, and captured two of their guns. The enemy then fell back under cover of the woods. None were killed in Hooker's Division. In the Twenty sixth Pennsylvania three were wounded; the First Massachusetts lost two prisoners. One man lost both legs by a shell. Kearney's and Richardson's Divisions were the last off the field.

On the approach of the rebel force to Savage's Station, where the hospital was established, a white flag was sent out, and it was met by a Lieutenant Colonel of the Confederates, who gave assurance that the hospital should be respected. There was no firing, purposely, in that direction, and, if an occasional shell exploded near the house, it is believed to have been accidental.

About 120 rebel prisoners, who were captured on Friday, accompanied us under guard. On Sunday forenoon an advance body of our cavalry, who were reconnoitering in front, discovered a body of rebel cavalry near a small church, and, after a sharp engagement, put them to flight, killing a considerable number of horses, and capturing some twenty-five prisoners, who were added to the group already in hand.

Sedgwick's Division left the front at daylight, and were engaged by the enemy half-way to Savage's Station, which they reached at 5 P. M. Here the enemy's infantry, with a battery, came out of the woods on the right, and attacked them.

The First Maine were advanced on the left, with a line of skirmishers in front. They had twelve wounded, three mortally, viz: Smith, Wren, and Taylor. C. W. Haskell, Company C, was slightly wounded in the hand by a shell.

Sedgwick's Division crossed the creek at White Oak Swamp, about 4 o'clock, A. M., Monday. His rear was not annoyed during the night.

Keyes' and Porter's Divisions had already preceded us on the march, and had reached a position on the James river, near Turkey Island, which is about ten or twelve miles above City Point.

The Engineer brigade of General Woodbury preceded the army, and constructed corduroy roads where they were necessary. At the Four-mile Creek, a bridge was built across the run. At the White Oak Swamp Creek two bridges were also constructed by the same valuable corps. One for the passage of the main army train, and others to accommodate Gen. Heintzelman's Division, who, with Hooker and Richardson, covered the retreat.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGES.

As the army resumed its march on Monday morning, information was received, through Gen. Richardson, that the enemy were pursuing, and orders were given to destroy all the bridges.

The Engineer Corps was detailed for this duty, and also to defend the approach to the place. A wide space of trees had been felled across the creek, and the brigade was deployed as skirmishers at the right and left of the passage. Ayers' battery of six guns was also left to hold the position, and was stationed on the hill overlooking the swamp.

HOW THE RETREAT WAS CONDUCTED.

The retreat was conducted in the most perfect order. There was no trepidation or haste; no smashing up of wagons by careless or fast driving, and not a single accident of any consequence is believed to have occurred. A drove of 2500 fat cattle, under the charge of Col. Clarke, Chief Commissary, and Capt. E. M. Buchanan, Commissary of Subsistence on Gen. McClellan's Staff, were successfully driven along. They had been brought up from the White House, and narrowly escaped stampeding by the rebels.

The country through which we passed contained some of the finest farming lands I had seen in Virginia. Broad farms, with well-grown crops of oats and wheat, were passed along the roads, in which the horses and cattle found abundant forage. The forage of the army had all been consumed the day before, thus relieving the train of an immense burden. Instead of the expected swamps and impassable roads, we found well travelled country roads in excellent condition along which the immense artillery and wagon train passed with the greatest ease.

After approaching within about five miles of the river, the train was divided, part being sent by each of three roads which converged near the landing. An occasional halt was ordered, to enable the advance to examine the road and woods in front for a concealed force or masked batteries, but nothing of the kind interrupted our progress. A teamster or some mischievous person would occasionally report that we were attacked in front, which would produce a temporary scare, but beyond this, nothing delayed the movement. The soldiers regarded it as the carrying out of part of a necessary plan—the only dissatisfaction expressed being at the leaving behind of so many of the sick and wounded.

Plenty of provisions and medicines were left for them, however, and if they are permitted to use them, their situation for some time to come will be much better there than with the army in the midst of conflict and alarm.

CARE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

At Savage's Station the Government had made arrangements for the sick and wounded as they were brought from the field. It was under the care of Dr. John Swinburne. Dr. Bruno, of Pittsburg, Penn., arrived on Monday with a corps of surgeons and nurses. How many of these remained with the patients I am not able to state. There is a report that a large part of them ran away when the army left. It was certainly a severe test of their philanthropy to be left in rebel hands. The demand for nursing and surgical attendance was so great that large numbers were obliged to wait for long hours before their cases could be reached. The worst cases were attended to first, but there was and have been a great many who never received attentions at all. The entire area in the back and on both sides of the house was covered with the wounded, and there were also some twenty large tents pitched in the garden at the east of the house, filled with sick and wounded. The stores for Mrs. Harris, the benevolent lady, who, assisted by Mrs. Sampson, are devoting themselves to the sick, were delayed at the White House, and if they reached Savage's at all, it is doubtful whether the good things were not appropriated by the rebels as soon as they got possession of the place.

Many poor fellows who were scarcely able to drag themselves along, clung to the skirts of their comrades, or hobbled on crutches, apparently dreading more than death itself, falling into the hands of the rebels. Many became so exhausted that they fell by the wayside, and could only be roused and helped forward by the greatest exertion.

THE APPROACH TO JAMES RIVER.

When an aid of Gen. McClellan rode back and reported that the way was all open to James River, a thrill of relief ran through the whole line, and the sight of the green fields skirting its banks was indeed an oasis in the terrible desert of suspense and apprehension through which they had passed. The teams were now put upon a lively trot in order to relieve the pressure upon that portion still in the rear.

Gen. McClellan and staff rode ahead and took possession of the old estate known as Malvern Hills, owned by B. F. Dew, one mile back from Turkey Island Bend. It is a large, old-fashioned estate, originally built by the French, and has near it, in front, an old earthwork, constructed by Gen. Washington during the Revolutionary war. It has a spacious yard shaded by venerable elms and other trees. A fine view of the river can be had from this elevated position. General McClellan expressed the opinion that, *with a brief time to prepare, the position could be held against any force the enemy can bring against us.*

Exhausted by long watching and fatigue, and covered thickly with the dust of the road over which we had passed, many of the officers threw themselves upon the shady and grassy lawn to rest. The soldiers also, attracted by the shady trees, surrounded the house, or bivouacked in the fields near by.

Gen. McClellan immediately addressed himself to the task of preparing despatches for the Government.

THE FIRE IN OUR REAR.

At 2 o'clock P. M. firing was heard in the direction of White Oak Swamp, where it was supposed Ayres was holding in check the rebel force who were attempting to cross. This continued for nearly two hours, when sudden and heavy firing began further to the left, in the direction of Charles City Cross Roads. At this point an immense body of fresh troops, with artillery and cavalry, had made their appearance direct from Richmond, and were engaging our batteries still left to guard the road.

Orders were sent immediately to put the troops in line of battle; and Gens. Porter's and Keyes' commands were soon on the way up the hill, returning from their comfortable encampment beyond Malvern Hills. By 4½ o'clock P. M. the road was thronged with these troops, with artillery and cavalry, hastening to resist the advance of the enemy.

The firing now became more and more rapid, and was evidently approaching our line. The roar of cannon was incessant, and the dust of the contest swept upward and whirled in eddying clouds above the forest trees, which concealed friend and foe from view.

Members of the Staff and messengers hurriedly mounted to and fro with important orders to the commanding officers. The wagons were drawn up on the right of the field as a kind of temporary breastwork, and the troops were disposed in line of battle at the westward, from which direction the enemy were advancing.

THE GUNBOATS BROUGHT INTO ACTION.

The firing now became incessant, the explosion of shells constant and most terrific from both lines, and the roar of musketry mingled with the shouts and cheers of the contending forces. If we could have seen them, and estimated their strength or number, it would have been some relief, but they were advancing, apparently, to within less than a mile of our position, under cover of woods. It was very evident that our men were being driven in and that, too, by an overwhelming force.

At this juncture two of our gunboats, the Galena and Aroostook, moved forward some half a mile and opened fire upon the left with their 54-pounders, the shells exploding in the edge of the woods along the line of hills, where it was supposed the enemy would attempt to turn our left. No doubt these terrific missiles had an excellent effect in deterring them from this enterprise, and in retarding their advance. In so long a range there was danger that some of our own men might be hit, and a signal station was established on the top of an old house overlooking the field, and also commanding a view of the river.

The firing from the Galena was directed in front by these signals. The Jacob Bell and also the Arostook fired several shells during the last part of the battle.

During the evening, and while the fight was going on, crowds of dusty men rushed down to the river, and plunged in to bathe. Considering the circumstances of the army, this was hardly the time to adjust one's toilet.

Meantime the contest raged with terrible fury along our whole front and right. Exploding shells filled the air, and rifled shot screamed overhead. So thick was the cloud of dust enveloping the field, it was impossible, except from the sound, to determine which way the tide of battle ebbed or flowed. The gunboats kept up a discharge of their heavy shells upon the enemy's position.

Provost Marshal Porter meantime took charge of the disabled and sick soldiers, and conducted them to the rear. A large number of stragglers filled the road, who seemed to have business in an opposite direction from that in which the enemy was coming.

The Prince de Joinville, with the Duke de Chartres and the Count de Paris, took charge of despatches for the Government, and Gen. McClellan accompanied them as far as the gunboat Jacob Bell, on board of which he bade them a final adieu towards evening. The crew manned the rigging, and cheered as the General returned to head quarters.

The day's contest wound up by a diminuendo of musketry, and by dark all firing, except an occasional shot, had ceased. It was too late to obtain any list of killed and wounded, or in fact to learn definitely the result of the fight. The Jacob Bell went down to City Point ordering up the Southfield, and all the other vessels lying below.

It should be borne in mind that the wide bottoms along the river separate the gunboats in many places, some two miles from the forces operating on the hills. The gunboats Galena, Maratanza, Aroostook, Maraska, and Port Royal, are near by, and ought to be able to render valuable assistance to the army until it can be placed in position to operate.

The indications are that *the enemy will continue to harass our position, and give the troops no rest, day or night, until they have been dislodged or compelled to embark.* Should affairs reach the latter crisis, where are the transports to receive such an army on board, with its immense *material* of war? There are scarcely vessels enough now in the James River to take on board the wounded and sick, to say nothing of the army.

The Jacob Bell having returned from City Point, was dispatched, about 10 o'clock, P. M., to Fortress Monroe, with the Prince De Joinville and companions, who, it was understood, carried despatches to the War Department.

When the steamer left, all was quiet along the river, and it was supposed that our forces were holding their position at Malvern Hills.

The results of this contest are not known. The fight was a most determined one on both sides.

Transports and steamers were proceeding up the river; among them the Wilson Small, of the Sanitary Commission. All their vessels will be needed to remove the sick and wounded. Early arrangements will no doubt be made by the Government for the recovery of the wounded from Savage's Station and from the battle-field of Gaines' Hill.

Additional Details.

Graphic Particulars of the Events of Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

The space between the Chickahominy and the lower road, the small stream and the upper road, and open field for some distance on the right of the upper road, formed our line of defence. The left was held by McCall's division, including the Bucktails that fell back from Mechanicsville; the centre by Gen. Griffin's Brigade, and the right by Gen. Martindale's brigade. We had a rifle pit on each side of the lines, and a short distance from the stream.

THE POSITION OF THE BATTERIES.

Easton's Pennsylvania Battery occupied positions at the rear of the rifle pits, so as to command the lower road. The other batteries of McCall's Division were placed at different points along the left of the line. We also had two batteries, of six pieces each, to protect the right and centre.

THE REBEL POSITION.

We did not have the advantage of the rebels in position. Their right rested in a piece of woods, and upon an eminence which was admirably adapted for artillery practice, knowing which they brought to bear a large number of guns from that point. The remainder of the line extended for the most part along the edge of the woods. The enemy had batteries stationed at different points of the line, the number of their guns equalling, if not exceeding that of our own.

ADVANCE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE.

The First Brigade (Gen. Martindale) proceeded through a field at the extreme right of the line, in order to repel any demonstration of the rebels that might be made in that quarter. They had not advanced far before the rebel skirmishers were discovered prowling in the woods directly in front, and soon after the enemy began to appear in considerable force all along the right of the line. Gen Martindale quickly disposed his force, and prepared to give the rebels a most severe drubbing should they attempt to turn the right. The artillery was then brought into action, and did good service in shelling the woods. No attempt was made by the enemy at the time to push forward, and Gen Martindale having become convinced of the much superior force of the enemy, did not consider it prudent to do anything more than hold his position.

It was nearly dark before our line was formed and the battle had commenced in earnest. The battle was principally between the artillerists, although late in the evening the rebels attempted to turn our right, and were repulsed with a severe loss. The pieces used on both sides were of 10 and 12 pound calibre the range being too short for guns carrying heavier metal. When the engagement had really commenced, and all the guns were in practice, it seemed as though both armies were destined to immediate annihilation, so terrific and deafening was the sound. The very earth seemed to quiver, and at times the whole heavens would be lighted up with a red glare.

This was the first night engagement of any consequence that had taken place since the army arrived on the Peninsula. The firing continued rapidly and earnestly until eight o'clock, without any apparent advantage being gained by either side. The rebels, for the most part, fired over, consequently our men suffered but little from their shells. The shells fired from our guns appeared to explode directly over the heads of the rebels, and we have reason to believe that they did not escape without a heavy loss from that cause alone.

At about 7 o'clock, the enemy attempted to break our centre. To accomplish this he made most vigorous efforts, but was boldly and successfully met by Gen. Griffin, who arranged his men in excellent order and encouraged them by his presence and daring. The Fourth Michigan, Col. Woodbury, and the Fourteenth New York, Col. McQuade, especially distinguished themselves for the many brilliant and prompt movements they made. The Ninth Massachusetts and Sixty second Pennsylvania are also deserving of much credit for the successful manner in which they repelled the enemy's charge.

At 9.30 P. M. the firing had entirely ceased, the rebels had been repulsed, and we held our ground. Our loss was comparatively small, not exceeding 250 killed and wounded.

While the rebels were endeavoring to force back our centre, the left of the column was also busily engaged in keeping the enemy from crossing the bridge over the stream on the lower road. The Pennsylvania Reserves fought bravely, and their unflinching perseverance was the only thing that prevented the rebels from gaining ground in that quarter. The enemy seemed to concentrate his whole strength first at the centre, and then at the left of our line, but in each attempt he failed to cross the stream. Our batteries did not spare the canister and grape, and whenever an opportunity offered a most terrible fire was poured into the rebel ranks. The Pennsylvania Reserves, who were in the rifle-pits, kept up an unceasing fire upon the rebels on the other side of the stream, and finally compelled them to abandon their original front position at that end of the line.

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

That the rebels received strong reinforcements during the night was a fact not to be disputed, and the event was certainly not unexpected by us. Intimations that the rebels intended to attack our right had been in circulation for a week, at least, and we had no reason to suppose that so important a movement would be attempted by a night force. The enemy came prepared not only to force us from the stream and the Mechanicsville road, but also to *drive us across the Chickahominy.* Later in the day the rebel force was estimated *to be not less than seventy five thousand men.* The force we brought to bear numbered about 20,000. Of course, to hold our position against such fearful odds was an impossibility, and the next best thing had to be done.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

At daybreak, finding the enemy was rapidly closing on our right flank, Gen. Porter *issued orders for the whole force to slowly fall back toward Gaines' Hill.*

This movement was conducted in the most orderly and satisfactory manner.

The rear of our column, as it marched toward Gaines' Hill, was admirably protected by Robertson's United States battery, Easton's Pennsylvania battery and the Ninth Pennsylvania Reserve regiment. The enemy followed slowly and cautiously, as if he feared being decoyed into some trap. The firing was not rapid, and we lost but few men. Good order prevailed.

As the column moved forward toward the Chickahominy, the regiments in the advance wheeled into position, forming the left of the line, and the regiments following took positions at the centre and right. The ground selected was well adapted to the purpose, it being a range of hills extending from a point near the Chickahominy to Coal Harbor. On the extreme left was the Chickahominy, then came a meadow, adjoining which was a succession of hills reaching to Coal Harbor. The front was lined most of the distance by woods. A ditch, in some places difficult to cross, extended through the woods and formed the infantry line of defence. The line of battle was about two miles in length.

THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

On the enemy's right was the Chickahominy and a meadow, the same as on our left. Then came Gaines' Hill, which had been our camping ground, at the left of which was another hill, the road to Coal Harbor separating the two. An elevated plain formed the extreme left.

At 12 o'clock M., the rebels fired the first shot, from a battery stationed on the hill in front of Gaines' house. It was a solid shot, and struck in the woods at the rear of Gen Martindale's Brigade, and between his advance and reserve columns. This shot was followed by several others before any of our batteries responded. At 1 o'clock, sharp skirmishing was heard in front of the centre. By this we knew the rebels to be steadily advancing, and expected every moment to see them make their appearance on the brow of the hill before our line of defence. The firing became more rapid, but up to this time we had not heard any volleys.

The Fifth New York were in advance of the column acting as skirmishers, consequently they were the first to receive the enemy's fire.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE.

At about 1 o'clock our guns began to respond to those of the enemy. The skirmishers were already engaged in front of the centre, and soon after they got to work along the whole extent of the lines. The firing became more frequent as the enemy's pickets advanced. The skirmishers were at length called in and took their position in the lines.

By far the heaviest battle in which the army of the Potomac had yet been engaged was now progressing. Little did we think as we stood two days previous in the midst of the army that it was so soon to meet with a reverse. The rebels came down from Richmond in tremendous force, and they fought with the desperation of madmen. We had taken the precaution the preceding night to remove all the siege guns on the right to the other side of the river, and then destroyed all the bridges above the one which crossed just at the rear of Smith's division.

I have no idea that it was originally designed by Gen McClellan to make a stand on the right side of the Chickahominy, but to quietly withdraw the force on that to the other side. We had thrown up but few earthworks, only two of which were mounted. Five 30-pound Parrots were mounted on an earthwork near Gaines' house, and five more 32-pound Rhodmans were placed in position behind an earthwork near Hogan's house. On Wednesday he opened these guns on the enemy, keeping up the fire from 10 A. M. till late in the afternoon. The fire was directed to the rebel batteries on the bluff across the river opposite Gaines' house. This bluff was lined with open and masked batteries, and I believe that to have taken possession of the bluffs would have required the united force of the whole army. This was the strong point of the enemy, and he could have held it against terrible odds. During the fire of Wednesday we succeeded in dismounting one of the enemy's guns.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, the artillery on both sides were hotly engaged. The infantry in force had not yet got into the fight, but not many minutes elapsed before they were also engaged. At one time we could not have had less than sixty guns in practice, and the enemy had as many, if not more. The roar of cannon was truly awful. Shells were bursting in every direction, and a dense cloud of smoke covered the entire field.

The enemy now advanced in columns toward our centre. Martindale's Brigade stood firmly to receive the charge, as also did the Fifth New York Zouaves, who were on the right of Martindale. The rebels were repulsed, but at the loss of numbers of our bravemen. Hundreds of the rebels were seen to fall, but their places were quickly filled by others.

Failing to break our lines at the first attempt, the rebels sent over a large force to the right, for the purpose of turning our flank. We immediately strengthened that end of the column by a change of position.

When the enemy had advanced to within about three hundred yards of our batteries, our guns opened with canister and grape. The slaughter was terrible, and the rebels were compelled to withdraw. Not only did the artillery do good execution on this occasion, but also the infantry, who kept up a constant fire.

It was near three o'clock, and during the hour following there seemed to be a lull in the terrible conflict. The enemy was apparently bringing down reinforcements from Richmond, notwithstanding their force already exceeded ours by over 50,000.

We also found it indispensable to have a larger force. Accordingly, Gen Slocum's Division crossed the river at Grapevine Bridge, and proceeded to the right of the line. French's and Meagher's Brigades subsequently crossed over the same bridge and took positions further to the left. The enemy had made two charges and been repulsed in both.

It was now approaching five o'clock, and the enemy was preparing to make a charge on the left wing of this portion of our force. With this view he seemed to have concentrated the larger portion of his force on the hill directly opposite Gaines' house. He had been largely reinforced by fresh troops, and seemed determined to make one more vigorous effort to break our line. The rebels descended Gaines' Hill six columns deep, and in compact order.

This mass of men gave our artillerists on the left a splendid opportunity for practice, and when the proper time arrived, a deadly fire was opened upon the advancing columns. An immense weight of canister and grape was thrown among them, and hundreds of their number were seen to bite the dust. The rebels, however, were not checked by our artillery, and onward they came toward our left. Gen. Butterfield, with uplifted hat, passed from one to the other end of his brigade, cheering and encouraging his men, calling upon them to fight like soldiers, and, if need be, die like soldiers.

The conduct of Gen. Butterfield during the whole engagement elicited the admiration of every one who saw him. The presence of Gen. Martindale among his men seemed to inspire them with double zeal, and they fought like men who were fighting for the noble cause of country.

Every man stood at his post resolved to do his utmost to repel the enemy. Volley after volley was exchanged, but neither side wavered. At last the rebels poured a tremendous volley into our ranks, which thinned them out to an alarming extent. After a while, the superior numbers of the rebels also began to tell, and it became evident that our troops would soon be obliged to give way. The troops under command of Gen. McCall were nearly exhausted, having been in the battle of the preceding day, and having passed the night without sleep.

Our men fought well, but they could not do impossibilities. One man could not contend against three, and come out the winner. The left wing began to fall back. The centre and right of the column were necessarily forced to do the same, and *our entire line commenced retreating toward the river.* The enemy seized upon the auspicious moment, and, with furious yells, rushed forward upon our broken ranks. The horses attached to the batteries on the left were nearly all shot, consequently many of the pieces had to be abandoned.

Teamsters and ambulance drivers began to whip up their horses, and tried to get up another Bull Run. Some portions of cavalry were galloping helter skelter, and confusion among the infantry would have taken place, had not the officers levelled their pistols, and threatened to shoot the first man that ran.

But to contend longer was useless. We had lost our position and all attempts to rally the men for the time were vain. *The command for the troops to retire in order across the Chickahominy was given, and the regiments commenced moving in that direction.* It was nearly dark. The fight had been desperate, and the enemy did not seem inclined to press hard.

With the assistance of the reinforcements previously mentioned, another line of battle was formed, about half a mile in the rear of the first position. The object, however, was more for the purpose of covering the retreat than for renewing the contest. The battle was ended.

Throughout the day Gen. Porter was upon the field and gave his commands in a manner as cool and definite as if the spectacle before him was nothing but a game of football. The disaster cannot be attributed to inefficient officers or cowardly men, but simply to the fact of our being overpowered in numbers.

OUR LOSSES.

The Fifth New York Zouaves went into the battle with over 700 men. They returned with less than 300.

The Forty-fourth New York went in with about 400, and returned with 250.

The Sixteenth Michigan lost about 300 men.

The Pennsylvania Reserves suffered terribly, as did nearly all the regiments stationed on the left of the line.

General Butterfield's Brigade was cut up fearfully.

Easton's Pennsylvania battery of four prices, was lost; Allen's Massachusetts battery lost four; Weeden's Rhode Island battery three; Edward's Pennsylvania battery two; Weed's United States battery two, and Kern's Pennsylvania battery three pieces of artillery.

Several other pieces were lost, but I am not yet informed to what batteries they were attached.

Movements of our Left Wing.

THE RETREAT TO JAMES RIVER—EVENTS OF SATURDAY—CHANGE OF POSITION BY OUR ENTIRE FORCE

Early in the morning of Saturday our entire force, which had been engaged the day before, left the east side of the Chickahominy and crossed over to the opposite side. The bridges, four in number, were then blown up, and batteries were planted on Trent Hill, to command the river below.

We immediately sent down a force *to destroy the railroad bridge* which was done by pouring turpentine on the timbers and then igniting it.

In the afternoon Morell's Division left Trent Hill, where they had been since Friday night, and marched to Savage Station, around the railroad and the Williamsburg road, and proceeded over a road running between White Oak Swamp and Bottom's Bridge. They halted at a point near Charles City until the next day, when they were joined by other portions of the army.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., it was discovered that the rebels were crossing the river at New Bridge, from the west side, and were ascending Gaine's Hill in large numbers. From this it was inferred that they intended to move round towards Bottom's Bridge and cut off our railroad and telegraphic communication. That they had not done this before was surprising, or they certainly had free access to that portion of the Peninsula.

No attack was made during the day. The enemy was probably busily engaged in burying the dead and attending to the wounded. They had not only their own but ours to attend to. We were obliged to leave our killed and wounded on the field of battle, also those of our wounded who were not able to walk away.

Gen. McClellan had removed his head-quarters from Trent Hill on Friday morning, and has located in a field near Savage Station.

On Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock, a train of cars left Savage Station for the White House. The cars, nine or ten in number, were filled with wounded soldiers, and got safely through although much apprehension was felt for them. The train returned during the night and early in the morning proceeded again to the White House with another lot of wounded. It then came back to Savage's, and was preparing to make one more trip down when the telegraph wire was found to be cut and Dispatch Station to be in possession of the rebels.

On Saturday night orders were given Gens. Franklin, Sumner and Keyes, whose forces held the centre and right of our line on the west side of the Chickahominy, to destroy everything in the way of camps, commissary stores, ammunition and hospital supplies that transportation could not be furnished for, and *to gradually withdraw their forces towards Savage's.* Word was also sent to the wounded at Savage's, for those who were able to walk, *to move immediately towards Carter's Station on James River.* All the ambulances belonging to the army were brought down to the station and filled with the severely wounded. But transportation could not be provided for all, and about three hundred were left to fall into the hands of the enemy.

Four carloads of ammunition sent up from the White House on Thursday, for the use of the siege train, was replaced in the cars, and *the entire train, including the locomotive, was let loose, to run down the railroad and so off the burned railroad bridge into the Chickahominy.* The whole train moved down the track, increasing in speed at every yard, and when it reached the bridge went tumbling into the river with a terrible crash. A small amount of commissary stores and camp equipage was destroyed at Savage's. The larger portion of the army supplies were at Fair Oaks. Here we were obliged to burn vast quantities, for the lack of transportation.

At 12 o'clock, midnight, the transportation train—the head of which was across the railroad, on the road crossing the railroad at Savage's Station—began to move towards Charles City, following the direction taken by Morell's Division in the afternoon. The transportation train was preceded by a long line of artillery.

At three o'clock Sunday morning Gen. McClellan ordered his tents to be struck, which, having been done, he, with his staff and body guard, proceeded to Charles City. The train was several hours in passing, and did not reach Charles City till late the next morning. Gen. Smith was ordered to hold his position on the Chickahominy till the train was at a safe distance, and then to follow, acting as a guard to the rear.

At about daylight on Sunday morning, Gen. Smith began to retire over the same road that the transportation train had taken. Gens. Sumner, Keys, and Heintzeman, also began to bring their forces round so as to make their front extend at right angles with the rear of the wagon train.

As soon as the enemy discerned the movement, he began to close in, but did not press hard until later in the day. By noon, all our artillery, except that which was required to protect the rear of the retiring column, also all our wagons, had arrived at Charles City. Gen. McCall's Division came next. Then followed other divisions in regular order, Gens. Hooker and Kearney bringing up the rear and covering the retreat.

On two or three occasions the rebels made attempts to flank Hooker and Kearney, but they were unsuccessful each time. The retreat was conducted in perfect order. The many body of the army was now in Charles City, distant from James River, by one road six miles, and by another fifteen miles.

McClellan's object was to reach James River at a point opposite Turkey Bend.

During the day the Eighth Illinois Cavalry had been sent over the road, fifteen miles in length, and which ran through dense woods in a circuitous manner, to ascertain if it was clear.

They reported favorably, and at about dark a train of transportation wagons, preceded by the Eighth Illinois cavalry, commenced moving toward James River. Keyes' corps brought up the rear of this column. The column reached a point two miles west of Carter's Landing, at an early hour on Monday morning, without accident and without meeting the enemy.

The other road, which was nearer Richmond, was not so free from the rebels. On the morning a squad of cavalry was sent out to reconnoitre, and found the enemy in possession of the road at a point five miles from James River. He did not know their strength, but concluded it was not great.

At 7 o'clock in the morning, the pickets brought word that a squadron of rebel cavalry was coming down this road toward the Charles City Road. We sent up two pieces of artillery and planted them in a concealed position, so as to command the range of the road upon which the cavalry was approaching. When they had come sufficiently near, a volley of canister was poured into their column, which caused them to retreat in a most precipitate manner. A number were killed and several wounded. Gen. Martindale's Brigade then marched up and occupied the ground at the point where the two roads meet.

At about the time the column moved on the fifteen mile road toward James River, Morell's Division, McCall's Division, and a large amount of artillery were sent forward to open the way on the upper road. This they succeeded in doing after having several slight skirmishes with the rebels. They were obliged to move cautiously, however, and did not reach Turkey Bend till after the column that took the long route, had reached the point near Carter's Landing. A train of wagons was then sent forward on the six-mile route, and was followed by infantry. General McClellan arrived at Turkey Bend on Monday morning. When I left the ground the new position to be occupied by our forces was not made known, but I presume the right of the line will rest on the Charles City road.

THE GUNBOATS.

Several gunboats, including the Monitor and Galena, were lying in James River, off Turkey Bend, prepared to shell the rebels should they attack McClellan's force. At Carter's Landing the gunboat Stepping Stones was lying at the wharf, receiving on board the wounded, who had walked from Savage's Station. The ground in the vicinity of the landing was covered with sick and wounded soldiers. Carter's Landing is three miles above City Point, and about twenty-two miles from Richmond. Turkey Bend is eight miles above Carter's Landing. The boat Stepping Stones was the first vessel to leave the landing after the army had arrived at James River. Your correspondent secured a passage, and on the way to Fortress Monroe collected a list of wounded and sick soldiers on board. On the way down we met the gunboat Southfield, protected on each side by a barge loaded with hay. I understand that Carter's Landing is to be the main depot for supplies and storage. On Tuesday several transports left Fort Monroe with provisions and forage, which they probably landed at Carter's.

THE BATTLE ON MONDAY, JUNE 30th.

Further and Authentic Particulars by an Eye-witness.

The correspondent of the World, who represents himself to have been an eye-witness of the battle of Monday, gives the following interesting account of that engagement, in which the rebels themselves admit that they suffered an unprecedented loss, and were compelled to withdraw. The accounts which have previously been published, have not been near so particular in the description of this great battle, few of the correspondents having witnessed it.

MONDAY.

IN THE SHADE ON THE NEWMARKET ROAD, Monday morning, June 30.

As was expected, Keyes' advance reached James river last night, striking it near Turkey Island, and about two miles above City Point. I learn that several panic stricken correspondents, who have been in his very advance guard since Saturday morning, were very much disgusted because they found no convenient transport to facilitate their skedaddle. They will give you a feast of sensations. But keep a watch over them. They haven't been where the news was *made.*

PORTER'S MOVEMENTS.

Morell's division was kept in motion all night, as previously arranged, and advanced in force toward New Market, where the enemy's pickets were driven in, and quite a sharp skirmish ensued without any loss on our side. Our movements during the night, though the whole corps was in motion, batteries and all, were conducted with the utmost silence, not a whisper being allowed—not even the smoking of a cigar. We slept by the side of the road, and so silent was the movement that a whole division went by without even waking us. The country on our left having been thoroughly reconnoitred. Porter's corps is this morning headed for James river, by way of the Turkey Island bridge.

MOVEMENTS ON THE FRONT.

From a general officer who left the front, or what in our present movement is more properly the rear, last night, I learn of the important movements of the divisions on our old line.

SHELLING SMITH.

Saturday night the enemy opened a converging cross fire from artillery upon Smith's position, which caused him to set his house in order and move rather more expeditiously than he would otherwise have done. The batteries of the enemy were planted, one on Gaines' Hill, across the river, one to the left of Smith's position, and one directly in front, the enemy having cut down a strip of woods, which had masked the battery. They filled Smith's camp with shells, and came so near his headquarters that one shell killed a sentinel doing guard duty there.

They opened again Sunday morning, but Smith's columns by that time had moved to Savage's Station, where, as will be seen, good work was done.

SEDGWICK IN MOTION.

The divisions of Gen. Sedgwick and Slocum also moved at the same time, taking up their course down the railroad track, and bringing up for the night not far distant from the station.

THE REBELS PURSUE.

Every movement of ours seemed to be watched by the enemy with intense interest. They were constantly on the alert, and no sooner were our columns in motion than they began at once to follow. They endeavored to annoy our rear with their artillery, but without effect.

Our columns in the vicinity of the station having been advantageously posted, they lay quietly on their arms awaiting the developments of the enemy. He soon developed himself, and seemed very anxious to provoke an engagement. He advanced in strong force by the road, pursued by Smith and Slocum, and with much less precaution than usual. Our generals finally resolved to give the rebels a chance to fight.

A BRILLIANT EPISODE.

At Savage's Station there is, to the right of the railroad as you face Richmond, a large open field of several hundred acres, where wagons have heretofore been packed in countless numbers. This field is surrounded on three sides by timber, with the road from Smith's old camp debouching from the timber into the field at the west end.

Smith's division took up a position on the north side, in the timber, and Sedgwick's division on the east end, likewise covered by timber. At the open side toward the railroad two guns were planted, in plain sight of the rebels, while in front of Sedgwick and Smith, but still masked, were placed twelve brass Napoleons, ready to pour double shotted canister.

The enemy advanced with rapidity, his skirmishers being but slightly in advance of his main column. As they filed out in the open field, our reserves (Slocum's division) cheered heartily, which was responded to by not only the advance of the rebels, but by their reserves also. This showed our men in a twinkling the position of the enemy's whole force. The two guns exposed opened on the rebels as they entered the field, and they having a particular fancy for taking guns, at once charged upon them.

A SLIGHT OBSTRUCTION.

As they started on the double-quick over the field, a whole division in sight of our concealed troops opened with musketry a terrific volley, and the crash of a dozen loud-mouthed brass Napoleons being the first intimation the enemy had of the proximity of such a force. This was a surprise. All thought of capturing the two pieces was abandoned. The huge gaps torn through their ranks by the sweeping shower of canister were closed up, and a strong show of resistance apparently made. They formed and directed their fire in the direction whence ours proceeded, and for a few minutes the contest was very lively and warm. But the death-dealing discharges of our hidden guns was too much for the enemy, and after half an hour's vain attempt to repel us, he fell into confusion, thence into a panic, and fled from the field in disorder, retiring to his original position.

The scene on the field was bloody in the extreme. Heaps upon heaps of the dirty, grimy-coated traitors lay dead or writhing in agony. In many places they lay in swaths, marking the track of the terrible discharge of one of these guns. Our forces, after examining the field, withdrew, leaving the enemy to bury their own dead, and to look after their own wounded. I am assured that among the dead was found one rebel brigadier-general.

The loss of the killed and wounded was perfectly frightful, not less than fifteen hundred in this short and sanguinary contest, while our own scarcely reaches one hundred.

Among the wounded on our side are Brigadier-General Burns, slightly, in the face, and Lieut. Blackney, of his staff, also slightly. Gen. Burns behaved with superb bravery, cheering, encouraging, and rallying his men. All his brigade also behaved exceedingly well.

SIEGE GUNS.

I noticed on the road to-day, in good order, all our heavy guns, which have been in battery on the front for a few days past. The four-and-a-half inch Rodmans, and the grim thirty pounder Parrotts go to the rear, with their faces toward the enemy. I trust the time will soon again come when we shall listen with pleasure to their deep thunder.

ON BOARD TRANSPORT, JAMES RIVER, Tuesday Evening, July 1.

Events have culminated. More history has been made. Physical nature demands rest, but duty and the public demand the facts. Another terrible battle has been fought. Our weary, worn, half-famished troops, whose nobleness has never known an equal, have again added to their fame by honoring their country.

MONDAY MORNING.

Yesterday, while Porter was pushing for the river, Heintzelman and Sumner's corps moved down the Williamsburg road towards White Oak Swamp. The enemy immediately got up his columns and followed. He seemed to spread himself out like a fan, for before noon he was found to be advancing upon every road leading from Richmond—the Williamsburg, the Charles City, the Central and the New Market, as well as from the direction of Bottom's Bridge.

OUR PREPARATIONS.

All the indications were that the enemy premeditated fight. Mischief was in his eye. Every time his artillerists thought they saw a white-topped wagon, "bang" would go the angry cannon, and some poor teamster would imagine his day of judgment had come.

Gen. Heintzelman had charge of the column by seniority, and made the dispositions for the day, so as to effectually prevent any flanking movements, and at the same time to protect all the approaches and give ample room for the transportation to get out of the way, which had been moved from White Oak swamp, and were being hastened toward James river with all possible speed, and yet without confusion.

THE POSITION.

Our position in this battle was as follows: Keyes had taken possession of the road leading from White Oak swamp to the river, and Smith was placed on it in his rear, so as to prevent any movement on the right flank, at the same time holding the road to Long Bridge. Next on the left was Sumner's corps, of Richardson's and Sedgwick's divisions. Connecting with Sumner on the left (as you face Richmond) was Heintzelman's two divisions of five proven heroes, Kearney and Hooker. Slocum and McCall were held in reserve. Though but little time was given for preparation, yet our line, though fully three miles long, was reformed so as to prevent the enemy from passing either of our flanks by any of the four roads by which he advanced.

THE ACTION.

I have a mass of facts concerning the movements, disposition and details of regiments and brigades before me, but want of time and almost entire physical exhaustion will compel me to make the details brief.

Generally speaking, the action was a fit counterpart, in severity, to those already fought, and adds fearfully to the list of casualties, now already swollen beyond belief by the dreadful contests of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last.

I have the same magnificent action of our troops to record; the same self sacrificing devotion was exhibited; the same bravery and unflinching valor in rank and file; their charges; their repulses, their losses and their gains.

THE ATTACK ON SUMNER.

The fight opened with artillery about 2 o'clock. The firing was not very severe at first, and seemed divided about equally between Sedgwick and the wagon trains. About 3 o'clock an advance in large force was made against Sedgwick's and Richardson's fronts, and the action became hot and bloody. The enemy attacked this corps from two positions, right and left. Slocum's division was called to the assistance of the right, and the action on this part of the wing, though lasting from 3½ until nearly 6 o'clock, was finally successful in every respect, the enemy being effectually repulsed with enormous loss.

Tale after tale has already been told of the bravery shown by our men. It needs no further elaboration. Without a single exception this part of the battle was conducted, both by troops and leaders, with all the valor that flesh and blood can summon.

THE ATTACK ON SMITH.

While Sumner was gallantly engaging the enormous force in his front, a demonstration was made by a force of the enemy against Smith's fortification on the extreme right, but it needed only a dashing charge from the Vermont Brigade to repulse and drive him incontinently back.

THE ATTACK ON HEINTZELMAN.

But Heintzelman with his brave columns had by far the severest part of the fight. He was sorely pressed all the afternoon, and the engagement here continued with great severity until nearly dark. He fell back about half a mile for a better position, so that the lines during the latter part of the action presented the shape of a curve from left to right.

It was only the superior qualities of men, under the head of such veterans as Hooker and Kearney, and the excellent field management of Heintzelman himself, which saved the day on that part of the line. They were sorely pressed time and again, and the same tactics which have been the reliance of the enemy in all his previous principal battles, were brought in requisition again on this occasion.

The rebel generals seem to be utterly regardless of human life, if they can but achieve an advantage to repay the loss. Hence they precipitate overwhelming numbers against some particular point of our lines, with the hope of breaking them, or upon a battery in the hope of capturing it—and it is thus that they have taken many of our guns that had but weak infantry supports.

HEINTZELMAN SUPPORTED.

The contest had been going on with unsurpassed vigor until six o'clock, when it became evident that the enemy were pressing this brave General back. McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves were brought forward, and though worn out by lack of food and rest, yet they went in with commendable alacrity. But alas, the gallant Reserves! What terrible havoc was made in your ranks! But a short time elapsed before they were broken and pushed back, with their Division General and Brigadier General missing, and another severely wounded. Hundreds of the men were left in the field. They had tried to do too much, and were now almost gone. Randall's battery was also lost here.

HELP FROM SUMNER.

Sedgwick's Division now came to the relief, and Hooker and Kearney rallied again for a final and desperate charge. Four batteries of artillery were brought forward and advantageously posted. They opened with good range and disastrous effect upon the enemy. At the same time our troops, with their Generals at their heads, made an impetuous onset against the surging masses of the enemy, and with the aid of the terrible artillery fire, soon broke the opposing columns, and succeeded in capturing twelve pieces of artillery, cutting off and taking one brigade of three regiments prisoners, among whom are Col. Pendleton, of the Louisiana Battalion, and ex-Congressman Lamar, of the First Georgia Regiment.

THE ARTILLERY.

As a general thing, the artillery in this engagement was much better served than in several of the previous fights. For two hours the roar of the guns was so great that even the heavy volume of musketry was drowned in the noise. In a reserve position, supported by Gens. Morell and Syke's divisions, was a force of artillery, so planted as to rake the only approach from the interior, and had the enemy even driven our forces back that far, they must have been annihilated by the terrible and converging cross-fire of those seventy Parrots and Napoleons.

THE GUNBOATS.

When our advance reached James River, early Monday morning, there was only the gunboat Arostook in the stream. Those who did not know the proximity of Commander Rogers with his fleet, felt as though they could expect little protection from the vessels of war. But about 2 P. M. the Galena appeared, and at 4 o'clock both she and the Arostook opened from their heavy guns, and shelled the river road in a most effective manner. The gunners could not see the road, but a signal officer, in an exposed position, on the top of a house, situated on the top of a hill, where the reserve artillery were stationed, signaled the range of the guns very exactly, and their shells were thrown with such precision as to drive back a body of the enemy who had moved down that road, with a battery of artillery, on our left flank.

OUR LOSSES.

Our loss is again very heavy. Probably four thousand will not be an under estimate of killed, wounded and missing. It falls with almost equal severity upon all the divisions, except Smith, who was not so generally engaged. The brigades of Generals Grover, Dana, Gorman, Burns, Newton, Berry and Sickles suffered very largely. The Massachusetts regiments seem to be fated. Col. Wyman of the Sixteenth Massachusetts, was killed. Colonel Hinks, of the Nineteenth, was wounded. Major H—, of the same regiment, was killed. Lieut. Lee, do. was killed; Col. Pierce, of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, was wounded; but four line officers of the Eleventh Massachusetts are left in command in the regiment, while in other regiments many officers are left without commands.

The list of casualties has assumed such fearful proportions that I have given up in despair the work of attempting to obtain even those of officers. The physical energies of any one man are not equal to the task. As fast as they are brought down to the landing they will be shipped to Fortress Monroe, and the Surgeons on board will make out and furnish the lists for the public and press.

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Elsewhere I have alluded to the fact that Jackson was knocked from his horse by a canister shot from Martin's Massachusetts battery, during the fight on Friday. I can now state that the Richmond Dispatch of Monday, found on a prisoner taken last night, announces his death in solemn court; also, that of General Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina. Rhett was undoubtedly killed in the action at Savage's Station on Sunday. The prisoners further say that Gen. Longstreet was wounded in the back and in the fight last night.

THE LACK OF SUPPLIES.

It must be remembered by the public that nearly the entire army has been under arms since Wednesday of last week, now seven days. On Thursday and Friday the men put three days' rations in their haversacks; but, as is always the case, soldiers eat up three days' rations in one; nine-tenths of them have not had an issue of commissary stores since until to-day, and therefore most of them have been for three days without anything but hard crackers, and many of them had not even that. I myself had been able to get but half a dozen during the last thirty-six hours. Water, too, has been scarce, and this has weakened the men to a vast degree. Need I say then, that when the troops arrived at the river yesterday, and saw not a friendly transport there, their hearts almost sank at the prospect. Exhausted, weary and famished, they could not be expected to fight. Yet their spirits—brave and noble men—never failed them.

THE ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS AND SUPPLIES.

Just as we left the Wharf, a schooner laden with provisions, anchored in the stream. A few miles down stream we began to pass fleet after fleet of steam and sail transports, laden with supplies and men. These will all reach Harrison's Landing before morning, and will be hailed with great joy by the entire army. We must have passed 200 vessels.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Speaking of the spirit of the men, reminds me of an incident, both grand and beautiful, which took place yesterday afternoon, in Butterfield's brigade. For months there has been a standing order against the playing of bands in camp, and in not one instance of the numerous late battles have our splendid bands been allowed to inspire the heart of the brave soldier by the strains of patriotic music. A great mistake, I will say. During the fight yesterday afternoon, an order came for Morell's division to repair to the hill near where the battle was going on, and act as a support for the reserve artillery. The men obeyed the order to fall in promptly, though the weather was scorching hot, and they had been four days without rest or sleep.

A happy thought struck Captain Thomas J. Hoyt, of General Butterfield's staff, who saw that the men looked weary and exhausted. He immediately gathered all the regimental bands, placed them at the head of the brigade, and ordered them to play. They started the "Star Spangled Banner," and the first note had hardly been struck when the men caught the spirit, and cheer after cheer arose from regiment after regiment, and was borne away upon the bosom of the placid river. The band continued to play, and other regiments and other brigades caught the spirit, and the air resounded with tumultuous applause at the happy hit, until all the columns on that vast plain were vieing with each other to do homage to the inspiring strains of the band. After several times Major Welch, of the 16th Michigan, in a brief speech, proposed three cheers for the hero of the command, General Dan. Butterfield, which were given in magnificent style. To add to the enthusiasm, General McClellan happened to ride through the field just then, and was received with an outburst that fairly astonished him.

The scene was continued, the brigade moved off with the band playing, and had there been a fight in the next field, the men would have gone into action on the double-quick to the tune of Yankee Doodle, if every one had known that death would be his fate. All honor to the famous Light Brigade.

THE POSITION.

It is not politic for me to allude to the particulars of the present position of the army. With the supplies and reinforcements now going forward, the army is now safe beyond a peradventure. The new lines and basis of operations will be arranged first as soon as the army is rested from the work now before it. Harrison's Bar, where there is an excellent pier and a wide and good anchorage, is the present depot of supplies. This is seven miles below Harding's Landing by land, with a good road, and ten miles by water.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 2.

On my arrival here, I am astonished at the exaggerated stories afloat and even published concerning matters with the army. Dozens of officers, whom I saw yesterday alive and well, are reported killed or wounded. Gen. Warren, of New York, the field officer of the Duryea Zouaves; Col. Cass, of Massachusetts; Col. McQuade, of New York; Major Patterson, of Pennsylvania; Capt Spaulding, of Michigan; and dozens of others, are reported killed or wounded, whom I have seen and conversed with since they have been engaged in any action. Their friends will be glad to hear it.

The Killed and Wounded.

Partial lists of the killed and wounded continue to come, but they are very imperfect, and in many instances incorrect, persons being registered wounded or killed, who have not been hurt, and the names of others who have been injured omitted entirely. The following is given as one of the latest reports.

SECOND PENNSYLVANIA.

Daniel Corner, Co. A; Corporal Jones, Co. A; —— Townsend, Co. C, wrist; W. Goth, Co. C, arm.

THIRD PENNSYLVANIA.

H. Harbaugh, Co. A, arm; P. F. Holland, Co. A, shoulder; J. Kocker, Co. A, back.

SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA.

William H. Schively, Co I, shoulder; J. W. Davis, Co. K, shoulder; Wm. M. Camp, Co. A, arm; Solomon Saylor, Co. F, arm; N. S. Horner, Co A, left shoulder; J. Grimes, Co. B, shoulder; Wm. Persine, Co. B, arm; Joseph Winters, Co. B, arm.

EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA.

A Bane, Co. I, leg; R. Sayres, Co. I, wounded; T. Britton, Co. H, leg.

EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA.

S. M. Drum, Co. O, arm; Corporal Hugh Gattines, Co. K, thigh; W. H. Miner, Co. I, breast; Job Franks, Co. I, arm; Francis Groton, Co. E, nose; J. H. Sweeney, Co. H, arm; H. A. Steward, Co. B, arm; H. Larkee, Co. G, breast; E. H. Miner, Co. G, shoulder; Walter Grubbs, Co. B, leg; John C. Gray, Co. B, breast; J. L. Francis, Co. G, thigh.

NINTH PENNSYLVANIA.

Robert H. Reils, Co. I, leg; J. W. Donthille, hand; C. Deitz, Co. B, hand.

ELEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA.

Edward Hoffman, Co. C, face.

THIRTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA.

D. W. Keever, hip.

FIFTY-SECOND PENNSYLVANIA.

F. Medda, Co. K, hand.

SIXTY-SECOND PENNSYLVANIA.

Capt. T. B. Monks, wounded and prisoner; Capt. R. J. Cozer, wounded badly; Lieut. W. J. Patterson, wounded; Lieut. Bell, wounded; Lieut. Cunningham, wounded; Lieut. Lowry, Acting Adjutant, wounded; Lieut. Seitz, (accidentally burned) Co. B, wounded; Privates Coursin and Mark, Co. D, killed; private Swisran, Co. F, killed; private Mintzner, Co. G, wounded; Corporal Randolph, Co. F, wounded; George R. Gaily, Co. F, wounded; Robert Finlrock, Co. F, wounded; Capt. F. Brown, wounded and missing; W. King, Co. K, dead; L. Estamiah, Co. F, wounded; R. Erwin, Co. G, wrist; S. Edwards, Co. C, finger; T. Bath, Co. G, left leg; J. M. Stark, Co. H, shoulder; S. Mersiack, Co. A, neck; J. K. Wilson, Co. F, face; H. White, Co. F, leg; W. Glosson, Co. A, arm; Joel Martin, Co. K, face; C. H. Miersch, leg; G. B. Gray, Co. F, hand; A. Fisher, hand.

SEVENTY SECOND PENNSYLVANIA—BAXTER'S ZOUAVES.

E. Allman, Co. G, finger off; George Allen, Co. B, foot; F. Hogg, Co. L, neck; Jas. Story, Co. I, foot.

EIGHTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA.

John Hughes, Co. E, hand.

EIGHTY-THIRD PENNSYLVANIA.

Thomas W. King, Co. C, foot; F. J. Tsook, chest; Sergt. J. E. Mozier, Co. H, breast; John Bovee, Co. B, hips; O. L. Otis, Co. D, arm; J. A. Howe, Co. E, arm; Colonel J. W. McLane, killed; Maj. L. H. Nagle, wounded; Captains Zeigler, Morris and Wood, wounded.

NINETY-THIRD PENNSYLVANIA.

H. S. Penrose, Co. B, foot; F. Kirtz, Co. A, face and hand.

NINETY FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA.

Colonel Gosline, severely wounded; Major Hobos severely wounded; Lieut. Donohue, Co. C, killed; Lieut. Robinson, Co E, wounded; Lieut. Luginers, Co. F, wounded; D. McCarthy, Co. K, wounded and prisoner; E. Latham, Co. K, wounded and prisoner; G. McBride, Co K, killed; Corp. McAleer, Co K, wounded; M. Pendergast, Co. K, wounded; A. Stemm, do. wounded; J. Shannon, do, wounded and prisoner; J. Barton, do.

NINETY-SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA.

P. Goslan, Co. I, arm; W. Strother, Co. G, left leg; Milton Moyer, Co. D, finger; J. Divine, Co. I; D Woodring, Co. E, head.

FIRST NEW JERSEY.

Serg't. C. G. Morton, Co. A, head; J. Ellwood, Co. A, head;

SECOND NEW JERSEY.

W. H. Warner, Co. A, sick; W. H. Beens, Co. K, face; W. Dougherty, Co. I, breast; J. H. Worden, Co K.

THIRD NEW JERSEY.

Patrick Burr (or Brown), Co B, nose, cheek and shoulder; Corporal S. Harris, Co. F, neck; J. G. Lewallen, Co B, arm; P. J. Fox, Co. B, arm; J. Blair, Co. B, shoulder and neck; F. W. Couch, Co. B, right arm; W. A. Smith, Co. E, right arm; E. Trussill, Co. B, left arm; F. McRaund, Co. G, left wrist; R. B. McJoan, Co. E, shoulder; O. Bennet, Co. H, breast; Wm. Kelley, Co. I, left shoulder; P. Saank, Co. B, mouth; R. C. Levick, Co. F, knee; J. Henry, Co. B, finger; J. Dillon, Co. G, shoulder.

FOURTH NEW JERSEY.

Col. J. H. Simpson, missing, and supposed to be killed; Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Hatch, missing, and supposed to be killed; Major Wm. B. Ratey, (brother of Brig. Gen. Birney), missing, and supposed to be killed; Adjt. George H. Sturdiford, missing, and supposed to be killed; Capt. Wm. Mevis, killed; Capt. Wm. Mulford, do.; Capt. A. Aarenson, do.; Capt. Wm. Fetter, do.; Capt. H. M. Jewett, do.; Capt. Wm. Nippins, do.; First Lieut. Wm. Myer, Co. A, missing; Second Lieut. H. Schroeder, Co. A, missing; First Lieut. E. Wright, Co. D, missing; Second Lieut. George Benre, Co. D, missing; Capt. B. Ridgway, missing; First Lieut. T. C. Sheay, missing; J. H. Stubbins, Co. C, wrist; G. S. Reen, Co. K, stomach; Sergt. J. E. Doughty, Co. G, head; Sergt. H. Hopkins, Co. D, elbow; J. Laux, shoulder; Jeremie Shields, Co. G, arm; W. Huners, Co. I, groin.

According to the statement of an officer, this regiment went into the fight with 610 men, and only 81 can now be found. The six captains first mentioned above, were all killed within an hour after the fight commenced.

The Battle of White Oak Swamp.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE—EXCELLENT BEHAVIOR OF THE MEN GENERALLY.

[From the New York Tribune's Correspondent.]

TURKEY BRIDGE, JAMES RIVER, Nine A. M., Tuesday, July 1, 1862.

It is impossible for me to give a circumstantial account of this battle (White Oak Swamp), raging, as it did, ten hours, and extending along a line of 2½ miles, and fought on ground such that not one-tenth of the field was in view from any one point of vision. At least three-fifths of what remains of McClellan's army was engaged or in immediate reserve. Heintzelman's, Sumner's and Franklin's corps were there, and a portion of each of Keyes' and Porter's. More could scarcely have been brought into an action had the fate of the country depended on the one effort. Not so many can be brought into line to-day. And yet we only barely held our ground—perhaps not quite.

I shall have to hurry on to the results. Our loss of yesterday may be estimated at 6000. Many of these are prisoners. The Pennsylvania Reserves were again in the thickest. This morning they do not muster 3000 men. Add to these 1000 who are straggling and will yet come in, and the number is less than half that they began with at Beaver Dam. They lost severely there, they were more than decimated the next day at Gaines' Mills, and yesterday they shrank to this small measure. Their leader, Gen. McCall, is severely wounded and in the enemy's hands. Our brigade commander, Gen. J. J. Reynolds, is a prisoner, at Richmond. Another, General Geo. G. Meade, lies in a tent near us, seriously wounded. Officers of lower grade they have lost in about the same proportion. Of the Bucktail regiment not a hundred respond to the roll-call.

And so with other divisions—for the losses of the last six days cannot be less than 15,000. It is only hoped that they will not reach 20,000.

Our Generals behaved like Napoleon's under his own eagle eye. Gen. McCall was severely wounded in the shoulder, but refused to leave the field or to dismount. At night, when the enemy had been driven back, his horse was found dead, and this is all that is known of his fate. How Generals Richardson and Dana, always well up in the melee, escaped unhurt seems miraculous. The same may be said of scores. Gen. Burns and Gen. Brooks were each slightly wounded, but neither so disabled as to leave the field. Col. Wyman, 16th Massachusetts, was killed late in the day, under what circumstances I cannot say, but in a brave fight it may be warranted, for such was the place he always sought. Col. Hinks, 19th Massachusetts, fought his regiment until he had less officers than companies, made two bayonet charges, and fought his men until at length he fell wounded.

Let it be recorded here that a regiment always fights precisely like its officers. This fact recurs to me as I speak of the 19th, since that furnishes one of the most notable instances bearing on the assertion.

The varying fortunes of the field are shown by the fact that each side took guns and large numbers of prisoners. Among those taken from the enemy are Colonel Lamar of Georgia, ex-M. C., the noted secessionist of long standing, and Colonel Pendleton, of a Louisiana regiment, formerly of Cincinnati. A whole brigade was captured by Heintzelman—a small brigade, 1600 strong. Perhaps 3000 were taken during the day.

That the enemy's loss of the last week more than exceeds our own, is as nearly certain as anything can be of which there is no direct proof. He has lost fewer by capture than we, but his killed and wounded must fully balance the account. By fighting the enemy in chosen positions, where the artillery could play havoc with all who should attempt to approach, we piled his dead in windrows. Our superiority in artillery has saved the army from utter annihilation. And yet the most tenacious struggles have been over these very guns. The enemy never fails to attempt their capture—evidently having a wholesome sense of their value.

Yesterday the gunboats participated to the extent of silencing a Rebel battery they had succeeded in getting into play upon our baggage trains.

The salvation of this decimated, exhausted, and depressed army is a question of supplies and re-enforcements, immediate and heavy. If these weary thousands could get twenty four hours' rest their safety would be assured, but if left alone, any cessation of attack and repulse until the final castrope will not be permitted.

The following is a partial list of casualties at the battle of "Gaines' Mills" on Friday, June 27:

Col. Pratt, 31st N. Y., slightly.
Col. Gosline, 95th Pa., severely.
Major Hubbs, 95th Pa., killed.
Captain Carroll, 95th Pa., slightly.
Lieut. Donaboe, 95th Pa., killed.
Lieut Col Skillin, 44th N Y, killed.
Captain McRoberts, 44th N. Y., leg.
Lieut. Gaskill, wounded and a prisoner.
Captain Walsh, Co E. 44th N. Y., killed.
Captain Vanlip, 12th N. Y., killed.
Captain Crommie, 12th N Y, arm.
Lieut. Fisher, 12th N. Y., killed.
Captain Brown, 83d N. Y., severely.
Captain Scott, staff of acting Gen. Buchanan, arm.
Lieut Burton, 12th N. Y., missing.
Captain Truesdell, 12th N. Y., killed.
Lieut Bates, 12th N. Y., wounded.
Captain Combe, 12th N. Y., missing.
Lieut. Estes, 12th N. Y., missing.
Major Hatfield, 1st N. J., head.
Captain Brewster, 1st N. J., killed.
Capt Mount, 1st N. J., wounded and prisoner.
Lieut. Parker, Co B, 1st N J, killed.
Lieut. Tantam, 1st N. J., wounded and a prisoner.
Lieut. Holt, Co. E, 1st N J, slightly.
12th N. Y.—9 killed, 62 wounded, 52 missing.
22d Mass. went in 400 strong; lost 160 killed, wounded and missing.
Colonel McLane, 83d Pa., killed.
Major Nagle, 83d Pa., killed.
Colonel Tucker, 2d N J, killed.
Lieut. Col. Heth, 5th Mass., killed.
Col. Simpson, 4th N. J., wounded and a prisoner.
Col. Gove, 22d Mass., killed.
Lieut. J. Howe, 3d N. J., killed.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, July 9, 1862.

TERMS

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE MORN," by Edward H., we have filed for publication.

"VIRGINIA," by W. G. S., we shall give to our readers soon. It is very clever.

"VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG" is declined.

"MUSINGS," by M., we pass.

"THE VOLUNTEER TO HIS WIFE," by "Lillian Hope," we have filed for early publication.

"THE DYING SOLDIER'S VISION," by a lady of Virginia, we shall try to find room for soon.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

At no period of our National history has the 4th of July come after a week of such exciting suspense as this last week. Could we have foreseen what happened at Bull Run, so shortly after the 4th of July, 1861, we should have been far more anxious than we were. But the success in raising and equipping our three months' volunteers had been so great, and our army around Washington appeared so imposing, that we were only impatient for the onward movement without hesitation or doubt of success. It was the same overweening confidence in our own forces, and undervaluing those of the enemy, which has placed our gallant Gen. McClellan in the perilous position which he and his brave army have felt the effects of so severely during the past week.

Had the last 4th of July been spent in carefully estimating all the chances of defeat as well as of victory, and in a patriotic provision for every contingency in getting properly ready for the impending strife, the battle of Bull Run would have been a victory instead of a defeat, and the rebellion would have been crushed in the bud, instead of assuming the gigantic proportions it has since obtained.

The check which we then and there recived, however, has made us the strong nation in a military point of view which we have since become. That depression was absolutely necessary to give us a disciplined army and an iron-clad navy, and every peril and seeming misfortune we have ever encountered since the 4th of July, 1776, have only left us really stronger and better off as a people than it has found us. That it will be so in the future, who shall doubt? It is only prosperity and not adversity, that is truly difficult for a nation to bear, that has the inherent energy we have.

At a time like the present how can our 4th of July be so nobly spent as in arranging and contributing for the relief of the sufferers in the late battles before Richmond? Medical aid of the highest kind will no doubt be greatly needed, and our city has ever been famous as the headquarters of the medical profession of the country. Hospital stores, lint, nurses, bandages and delicacies for the sick, with some of the best wines and pure spirits, would be acceptable additions to the medical stores. If all the money usually expended in fireworks were by each family turned into some channel of this kind for once, it would be a noble method of commemorating the 4th. One little girl of eight years presented $5, raised by herself, for ice-creams for sick soldiers at the Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon.

At the dedication of that building yet standing in Independence Square as the Temple of Liberty, on the 4th of July, 1776, it was not without the anxieties and the prayers of the wisest and best men in the country, and if all their highest hopes have been a thousand times exceeded, it has been through perils and through prayers wrought out in many an anxious hour. When the great National Temple of the Jews was consecrated, though then in the midst of festivities and rejoicings and prosperity unexampled, no part of the whole festival was so truly sublime as that prayer first uttered by Solomon so often on the eve of finding utterance from many an anxious heart within the past week—"If thy people go forth to war by the way thou shalt send them, and they pray unto thee, then hear thou from the heavens their prayer and their supplication and maintain their cause," or "if they be put to the worse before the enemy because they have sinned against thee, hear thou from the heavens and forgive the sin of the people, and bring them again unto the land which thou gavest to them and to their fathers."

It is through language such as this that nations are brought to their highest true prosperity.

THE CONSCRIPTION ACT.

When the rebel leaders rose against the authority of the general Government to maintain "State rights," they knew very well that the rights, or necessities rather of the so-called Confederate Government, would have to ignore some of the State rights altogether. The experience of our Revolutionary history had proved to them that no sufficient army could be raised for the field if it depended for recruits solely upon the action of the Governors of the States. Hence the rebel Congress passed a conscription act, requiring every able-bodied person to enlist in the rebel army. The exercise of this right by the rebel Congress does not go unquestioned. Governor Brown, of Georgia, recently threatened to arrest any enrolling officer who attempted to enrol officers of the State militia. The Secretary of War, in a letter, addressed to the Governor, says "if you attempt to arrest the enrolling officer, you will do great mischief. It would be better to drive out the common enemy before the States made war upon each other." Jeff. Davis, in a long letter to Governor Brown, of Georgia, defends the conscription law as being constitutional, and absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of the rebel armies. Brown differs with Davis, and hopes the constitutional rights of Georgia will be respected, so that she will not have to defend the existence and integrity of her government by force." His threat indicates that the apprehension of the Secretary of War that the rebel States would make war upon each other is not without some foundation. It arises from the nature of the pretensions set up in these extreme State rights notions, but which the so-called Confederate Government is disposed to disregard, knowing well that no general Government can stand where such notions prevail.

NAPOLEON SENDING A LARGE FLEET TO AMERICAN WATERS.—The foreign news says a large French fleet is to be sent immediately to American waters, to assist in the Mexican expedition, and for any possible emergency which may arise elsewhere. The conduct of the French Emperor is not above suspicion. The French press which are supposed to be his organs have shown unmistakably their sympathy for secession, and, if circumstances favor, he would not hesitate to aid the rebellion. To break up a Union like ours might seem to him like lessening the power of a nation capable of being a formidable rival. He might possibly hope to indemnify himself by making Charleston a port where French goods could be admitted duty free, and where negroes could be sent in French vessels. We have no idea that any such thing could be accomplished, nor attempted, without one of the bloodiest wars on record, and no small chance of a revolution in France. But every possible contingency is worth thinking of in regard to the movements of one who, with such an immense armament, always acts so unexpectedly.

THE DEATH OF COL. S. W. BLACK.—Col. S. W. Black, of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania Regiment, who fell at the battle on Friday, was an ardent and active politician of this State, and a gentleman of marked ability, being one of the best stump orators in the State. He was a Democrat by profession, though he went for Harrison against Van Buren. He subsequently was twice a candidate before the Democratic Convention for the nomination of Governor. In the Mexican war he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the First Pennsylvania Regiment, and distinguished himself for his courage. President Buchanan appointed him Governor of Nebraska, and he held it till he was superseded. When the war broke out he raised a fine regiment, at the head of which he fell gallantly fighting for his country.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD BILL A LAW.—The President has signed the Pacific Railroad bill, and it is now a law. It is a magnificent project, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific by means of a road which will bring the two ends of the continent within a week's direct intercourse with each other, and is completing the close connection which the telegraph extension across the continent had commenced. Whatever ideas were entertained of the work being premature at this time, and of its ability to pay the expenses of working it, it is too late now to give utterance to them, for Congress has resolved upon its construction, giving the Company who undertakes it alternate sections of land along the line to help to build it.

WITHDRAWN FROM JAMES ISLAND.—It appears that after Benham's repulse at James Island, General Hunter ordered the troops to withdraw from the island. This surrenders all the advantages previously gained, and the loss of life there has been useless. All these attempts to penetrate the rebel States with insufficient troops have been failures, for even when the towns have been possessed, the force has not been large enough to hold them, and they have had to be abandoned.

THE PRESENT POSITION.

The true history of the last week before Richmond, which has been given to the public through the enterprise of the newspapers, enables us to form some certain estimate of the real state of affairs with the army of the Potomac. That which looked at first as a disaster to this army, now proves to be its salvation. The change of front forced upon Gen McClellan by the great superiority of numbers in his foe, was effected in a masterly manner, and the movement was fully justified by the subsequent events. In the movement the rebels were bravely met under disadvantageous circumstances, but with all their superiority they gained no advantage, the army fell back successfully, inflicting as much loss as it received. Since the movement has been consummated, the rebels have twice attacked and twice been beaten, with fearful loss on their side, admitted by themselves.

The great danger of the recent conflict was that, we were every hour getting weaker, and that, therefore, the enemy would never, with his superior numbers, leave off until we should retreat on the James River, below the mouth of the Chickahominy. But the moment the attack of the enemy leaves off our advantage begins. He leaves off, not because we have retired so far that he cannot pursue or put a river between ourselves and Richmond, but because he is utterly exhausted. Nothing else could have made him stop, and if sufficient reinforcements only reach McClellan in time, now is the very period of the enemy's greatest weakness. McClellan can now hold on to his present position securely, and renew the contest at option. The base of his operations is the true and natural one, one that can advance with our successes. Immediately after the battle of Williamsburg McClellan would have followed up the line of James River, no doubt, but for the presence of the Merrimac, now blown up, and the difficulty of crossing the Chickahominy at its mouth in front of an opposing army. But both these difficulties have now, however, been overcome. The entire army is now (as it never all was before) on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy. It has cost McClellan dear, but that advantage he has gained. He was indeed exposed to this danger, that a defeat might thereby have caused the surrender of the entire army or its destruction in the Chickahominy. But General McClellan had faith in his men, and in his own skill, took the hazard, and has won the advantage of it both as to health and safety.

A weak man, or one desponding, would not have ventured on such a bold step. Nothing but the confidence that the rebels would be exhausted before we were, and that we should end by taking the city of Richmond before long, could have induced the movements he has made. If our men retreated across the Chickahominy, as the rebels will no doubt boast that they did, it was a retreat to the *Richmond* side of it and not the Northern side, and if they have taken up a new position, it is not, that driven from high land they have taken refuge in the swamps, where disease would do the work of the enemy, but it is that they have left the swamps intervening between their base and their advance and secured high ground and a better base, with no obstruction of swamps cutting the army in half. There has been no loss of faith in the ultimate victory all the time, and no step taken that would have been taken had there been other than the loftiest confidence in the general of being able to sustain himself till he could take up the position that must insure ultimate victory.

The series of terrific battles in front of Richmond can find but few parallels in history. The events are more like some of the disputed and brilliant actions of Napoleon's campaigns, when a combination of his foes obliged him to retreat. Six days' successive fighting would wear out the spirit of any ordinary troops, but our men have shown themselves heroes, and worthy of the sires who established the republic which they are now defending with their lives. Such heroes should not shed their blood in vain. The task before them is a great one, and the means to accomplish it should be instantly forthcoming.

THE NEW TAX BILL.

Makes a Congressional volume of one hundred and twenty pages. The tax is to be collected in each election or representative district, for which a collector and assessor will be appointed. The income tax levies a tax of three per cent. on all incomes in excess of $600. If the income of a person is $1000, he pays tax on $400, the excess of $600. A tax of five per cent. is laid upon all incomes over $10,000. On all incomes in excess of $600 received from property in the United States by persons residing out of the United States and not in its service, five per cent. is imposed. On incomes in excess of $50,000 per annum, a tax of seven and one-half per cent. is laid. In estimating one's income the money derived from interest on railroad bonds or shares is excluded; so also that from advertisements, dividends on stock, dividends on capital or deposits in any bank, trust company, savings bank, insurance, gas, railroad bridge, express, ferry boat and steamboat company, and from the manufacture of any article upon which a stamp or *ad valorem* duty is laid. Incomes derived from interest on securities of the United States are taxed but one and a half per cent, and from all incomes may be deducted the amount paid for State and local taxes. The income tax is laid upon all incomes for the year ending December next, and is collectable on the 1st of July, 1863, and each year hereafter up to 1866, when the time expires as regards the income tax, if the same be not renewed.

Manufacturers must furnish the assessor with a sworn statement of the place where he intends to manufacture his articles, whether the market for it is domestic or foreign, and the kind and quality of the article. Each month he must make returns of the products and sales, and pay the amount of taxes on them, except certain cloth and woollen goods, which are paid for by the finisher. In all cases of goods manufactured in whole or in part upon commission, or where the material is furnished by one party and manufactured by another, if the manufacturer shall be required to pay under the tax, such person paying the same shall be entitled to collect the amount thereof of the owner or owners, and shall have a lien for the amount thus paid upon the manufactured goods. The taxes on all articles manufactured and sold, in pursuance of contracts bona fide made before the passage of the act, shall be paid by the purchasers thereof, under regulations to be established by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The tax on spirits commenced on the 1st of July. The tax on manufactured articles, dividends, stamps, &c., on the 1st of August. The tax on incomes is due on the 1st of July, 1863. Manufacturers are required to pay the duty at the time the goods are to be removed from his premises. Whether selling for cash or on time, this of course holds good. One per cent. tax is laid on the gross receipts of insurance companies for premiums. This clause goes into effect on the 18th of October. On passports issued after the 1st of July a duty of $3 is levied. The tax on auction sales is imposed on sales made on and after the first of August. No person subject to pay license can continue his business legally without license, after the 1st of August.

Persons engaged in the following business are required to take out license, for which they will be charged the amount following:—Apothecaries, $10; auctioneers, $20; bankers, $100; billiard tables, each $5; brewers, $25 and $50; brokers, $50; brokers in land warrants, $25; bowling alleys, each alley, $5; cattle brokers, $10; claim agents, $10; coal oil distillers, $50; commercial brokers, $50; confectioners, $10; circuses, $50; dentists, $10; distillers, $12 50 to $50; eating houses, $10; horse dealers, $10; hotels, see "hotels," from $5 to $200; jugglers, $20; lawyers, $10; livery stable keepers, $10; manufacturers, $10; pedlers, see "pedlers," from $5 to $20; photographers, $10; pawnbrokers, $50; physicians, $10; retail dealers, $10; retail dealers in liquors, $20; stills, from $12 50 to $25; surgeons, $10; tobacconists, $10; theatres, $100; tallow chandlers, $10; soap makers, $10; wholesale dealers, $50; wholesale dealers in liquors, $100. Tavern keepers, &c., are not obliged to take out an additional license for selling tobacco.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—The extravagant cost of artificial limbs must prevent a large proportion of our soldiers from replacing lost members. One of our best manufacturing establishments here asks $150 for an arm, and it is evident that such a price must disable most privates from availing themselves of this aid. Ought not the medical department of the army to take up this subject and ascertain if contracts could not be made by Government, such as would enable it to supply soldiers at actual cost and a greatly reduced price? It is evident that a large part of the cost of artificial limbs must be the shaping to correspond with the remaining limb. If large numbers of various sizes were made, the sufferer could select to fit himself and much economy could thereby be effected. It is a question, however, if the American nation does not owe to every citizen who loses a limb in the defence of his country, to make him the best reparation it can, by furnishing him with the artificial substitute for what he has sacrificed. No money could be better spent.

THE SHIP CANAL BILL.—The House of Representatives, in postponing the bill to enlarge the canals of New York and Illinois, for gunboat passage, has no doubt done wisely. By laying it over till December next the project will be better understood by the people, and the merits of a ship canal in winter for Government service, in a latitude where ice impedes navigation for six months of the year, will be more striking.

☞ There were 247 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 101 were adults and 153 were children. There were 27 from consumption of the lungs; 7 from diptheria; 4 from diarrhœa; 3 from disease of the heart; 17 from debility; 16 from typhoid fever; 5 from inflammation of the lungs; 17 from marasmus; 2 from palsy; 4 from small-pox; and 10 from gunshot wounds.

The *Arch* St. Theatre is still open with Chanfrau as the principal attraction, and the *Walnut* with Julia Daly as the star.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

In the United States *Senate*, on TUESDAY, the army Appropriation Bill was passed. A message was received from the President, recommending a vote of thanks to Commodore Foote for his gallant victories in the West. A resolution was offered relative to the arrest of one of the editors of the Baltimore American newspaper. A resolution relative to a certain grant of land to the State of Michigan for railroad purposes was passed. In the *House*, the Tariff bill was passed. The Senate amendments to the Navy Appropriation bill were acted upon. The bill for the appointment of a commission to ascertain the claims of loyal citizens for property destroyed or taken by the United States troops was postponed till the 1st of next December. The bill for the enlargement of the Michigan and Illinois Canal, for the passage of armed and naval vessels and for other purposes was lost, but a motion was afterwards made to reconsider the vote, with a view to postpone its consideration till December.

In the U. S. *Senate* on WEDNESDAY, the following resolutions were introduced: Resolution from the Legislature of Connecticut in favor of the establishment of a navy yard at New London, Connecticut; resolution to expel Hon. James F. Simmons from the Senate, for using his official influence in procuring a contract for C. B. Schuberth, for which he agreed to receive $50,000; resolution for the adjournment of Congress on the 14th instant. The bill appropriating $200 for the relief of Brigadier-General Totten was passed. The Committee of Conference on the Indian Appropriation bill made a report, which the Senate agreed to. The bill providing that hereafter second lieutenants of marine corps shall be selected by the President from graduates of the Naval Academy was rejected. The bill authorizing an additional issue of Treasury Notes was passed. In the *House*, the Speaker presented a message from the President recommending a vote of thanks to Capt. Foote and others for gallant services. The following resolutions were introduced: Resolution directing a full investigation into the alleged issue of patents for lands, included in the military reserve at Fort Leavenworth; resolution of thanks to Com. Dupont, for his services and gallant conduct, and continuing him on the active list in accordance with the law. The following resolutions were passed: Resolution calling upon the Secretary of War to communicate any communication or explanation received by the Government from General McClellan relative to the evacuation of the White House by the troops under his command; joint resolution compensating the officers and crew for losses in clothing and other property by the sinking of the steamer Varuna; joint resolution tendering thanks to Com. Farragut, and the officers and men under his command, for their gallant conduct and successful operations in the Mississippi; joint resolution of thanks to Lieutenant Worden, and officers and men on board the Monitor, in the fight with the Merrimac; joint resolution of thanks to Com Goldsborough, and officers and men, for the capture of Roanoke; resolution directing the Committee on Naval affairs to inquire into the expediency of procuring a site for the manufacture of iron to be used for shipbuilding; resolution of thanks to the Captains and Commanders in the squadron commanded by Commodore Farragut. The following bills were introduced: Bill to aid the construction of the Pittsburg and Connellsville railroad; bill relative to holding the District Courts of Western Tennessee. The following bills were passed: bill appropriating over $7000 for the losses by officers and battalion of marines sustained by the foundering of the steamer Governor, in November, while on her way to Port Royal; bill for the relief of the widows and orphans, &c., of the officers, seamen and marines, who lost their lives on the ships Congress and Cumberland. The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation bill. The motion to reconsider the vote on the bill for the enlargement of the Michigan and Illinois Canal, for military purposes, was not agreed to. A resolution was passed inquiring into the propriety of codifying the laws regulating the Navy Committee.

In the U. S. *Senate*, on THURSDAY, the following bills were passed. House bill in relation to the alteration of certain judicial districts. Bill to confirm certain land grants to the States of Connecticut and Minnesota. Bill for the relief of certain companies of Indiana volunteers for loss of baggage, &c., at Hatteras Inlet. The bill establishing provisional governments in certain cases was postponed until to-day. The bill to provide for a government for the territory of Arizona was postponed till December. The resolution in regard to the question of making a majority of the Senators duly elected sufficient to make a quorum was lost. The bill for the relief of Andrew Ten Broeck, late Consul to Munich, was lost. A joint resolution was introduced, adjourning Congress on Thursday till the 10th of July. Laid over. In the *House*, the Confiscation bill, as amended and returned by the Senate, was non-concurred in. The following bills were passed: Bill in relation to Messrs. Carmick and Ramsey, claiming damages under a post-office contract. Senate bill providing that in the States in insurrection the sureties of Postmasters can be sued for defalcations within two years after the courts are re-opened. The Committee on the Judiciary reported a bill providing for the discharge or trial of State prisoners. The Committee on Military Affairs were instructed to inquire what legislation, if any, is necessary to grant furloughs and discharges to sick and wounded soldiers, and also as to the manner in which soldiers dying in this city and vicinity are buried. The Senate's amendments to the United States Note Bill were referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

In the U. S. *Senate* on the Fourth of July, a resolution was presented requesting the Secretary of War to transmit to the Senate the official report of Col. Canby in regard to military operations in New Mexico, especially that of the battle of March last. A quorum not being present, no other business was transacted.

In the U. S. *Senate*, on SATURDAY, the following resolutions were adopted: Resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish the official reports of Col. Canby in regard to his operations in New Mexico; resolution requesting the President to inform the senate of the amounts due to the State of Kansas from the several Departments of the Government, with the view of applying the same as taxes due from the said State. The following bills were passed: Bill repealing the act requiring the bonds of Paymasters and Assistant Paymasters to be approved by the judge or attorney of the district in which he resides; bill authorizing the appointment of a Deputy Collector of Customs at Chincoteague Island, Va.; bill to abolish certain ports of delivery in the Mississippi valley; bill for the collection of revenue in the Northern, North eastern and North-western frontier; bill making appropriation for the payment of certain bounties; bill concerning certain public lands granted to the State of Iowa; bill in relation to schools for colored children in Washington and Georgetown. In the *House*, the motion to reconsider the vote by which General Hunter's letter was ordered to be printed, was lost by a vote of sixty-one against twenty-six. The Senate's amendment to the U. S. Note bill was non-concurred in, and a Committee of Conference was ordered. The Senate's joint resolution designating the first Tuesday in September as the time for the meeting, at Chicago, of the corporation under the Pacific railroad act, was passed. A bill prohibiting the confinement of soldiers in the District of Columbia, except in the punishment of certain crimes, and discharging those now there, was also passed. A joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish clothing to the wounded and other soldiers for that lost by the casualties of war, was passed. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War to inform the House whether any member of Congress has been interested in contracts since April 1st.

CITY MATTERS.

THE FOURTH IN THE CITY.

There was a general observance of Independence Day in the city, though there was much less noise than usual. The beauty of the weather drew most of the population into the streets and other public places, and in the afternoon, especially, all was life and gaiety. At sunrise, a national salute was fired at the Navy Yard, and soon after all the vessels moored in front of it were beautifully decorated with flags. The yard was closed to visiters, and all work was suspended except upon the U. S. steamer Cimerone, which is under sailing orders, and which the Government is desirous should be finished as soon as possible. The merchant ships in the harbor were also decorated with bunting, and there was a liberal display of the stars and stripes from public and private buildings in the city. The usual meeting in the Independence Square was dispensed with, for the first time in many years, and Councils as a body, did not celebrate the day in any manner. At the Military Hospitals there were interesting services, and the Soldiers of the War of 1812 held their usual meeting at the State House. A large number of persons visited Fairmount in the course of the day, and the steamboats on the Delaware, that made excursion trips, ran full the entire day. The city passenger cars also were full. An animated scene was witnessed in front of the State House, where a number of itinerant venders of fancy jewelry and articles of various kinds, drew crowds about them in expatiating upon the quality and cheapness of their wares. One man had a new method of disposing of his stock of cheap jewelry. He had it spread out temptingly upon a circular stand, above which revolved an arrow-shaped strip of metal. By purchasing a cake of soap at ten cents, the buyer also bought the right to any article on the table which the barbed end of the metal strip stopped over, after being set in motion by the proprietor. Very few of the articles on the stand were worth as much as was charged for the cake of soap, but they glittered like gold, and no doubt numbers were deceived into the belief that they were so. The public buildings were closed, and the only one of the Courts in session was the United States District Court, which met on special business connected with prize cases. It remained in session but a short time.

DEATH FROM ALLEGED VIOLENCE.

An inquest was held on Saturday last, on the body of Patrick Meghan, Shippen street, above Seventh, who died of alleged violence. The testimony disclosed the facts that Meaghan had a quarrel on the night previous with Francis and Bridget Nibert, residents of the neighborhood, originating out of the firing of a pistol. Francis Nibert threw a brick at Meaghan, who picked it up and pursued Nibert with it to his house, and threw it through the window. Nibert then came out and knocked Meaghan down, kicking him, it is alleged, while down. While Meaghan was prostrate on the pavement, Mrs. Nibert is reported to have came out of the house with a piece of iron in her hand, described like the hinge of a cellar door, and to have struck him on the head several times with it, which rendered him insensible. He continued in that state until his death, which took place in about five hours. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict that death resulted from injuries received during a fight with Francis and Bridget Nibert, and they were committed for trial. Meaghan was of advanced age, and of Irish birth; Nibert a German, and middle aged. Meaghan has left a family.

NEWS RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH ON MONDAY.

Thirty-Seventh Congress—First Session.

WASHINGTON, July 7.

SENATE.—Mr. Fessenden (Me.), from the Committee on Finance, reported back the tariff bill with amendments.

The bill to provide provisional governments, in certain cases, was taken up.

Mr. Sumner (Mass.) moved to amend the bill with reference to the legislative powers conferred, where it says "there shall be no interference with the laws and institutions." He cited several laws of the State of North Carolina, against the education of slaves, &c., as laws which ought not in any way to be sanctioned or enforced by the General Government.

Mr. Ten Eyck (N. J.) could see no necessity for the passage of the bill at all. It will only interfere with the States, and recognize the doctrine of secession. These States were as much States as they ever were; and this thing of the government of these States should be left to work itself. But this bill would reduce these States to mere territories.

Mr. Trumbull was in favor of Mr. Sumner's amendment.

Mr. Powell (Ky.) denounced the bill as unconstitutional, reducing the States to provinces, and tending to disunion, by destroying the sovereignty of States and violating the Constitutional provision which guarantees a republican form of government to every State.

Mr. Harris (N. Y.) claimed force for the bill under this very provision of the Constitution. Certain States refuse to be governed by the Constitution, and it becomes necessary to provide a temporary Government until they return to their allegiance.

Mr. Cowan (Pa.) contended that the theory of the war was to rescue the loyal people of the South, and to restore the governments of the loyal people in those States. The revolution had settled the right of the people to govern themselves, and we have no right to make a government for the people of North Carolina. The question was not whether these laws were abhorrent, but were they laws of North Carolina. If so, all we have to do is to restore them, as agreed upon by the people of that State. To do otherwise would be to destroy the whole theory of war, and destroy the effects of the revolution.

The discussion was further continued by Messrs. Carlisle, Harris and Cowan.

Mr. Wilkinson, (Minn.) said he understood the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Cowan) to hold the opinion that if all the inhabitants of the Southern States should determine that they would not be governed by the United States, then we could not force them to remain. But would the Government of the United States be justified to allow any set of men to establish an hostile and independent government within its borders?

Mr. Cowan said we had solemnly decided that we could not make a war of conquest, but only to rescue and restore. There was no Constitutional authority to conquer, but that was simply a question of policy.

Mr. Davis (Ky.) said it was the duty of the Government to assert its authority everywhere within its own limits, and execute all the laws; but he thought Congress had not the power to pass this bill.

At this point of the proceedings, Mr. Fessenden (Me.), obtained the consent of the Senate to make a report from the Committee of Conference on the bill authorizing additional Treasury notes. The report was agreed to. It provides for the issue of thirty-five millions of small notes and a reservation of fifty millions.

Mr. Sumner modified his amendment, so as to strike out the words "institutions," leaving the word "laws" remain.

Mr. Carlisle moved to postpone the bill indefinitely. He spoke at some length in favor of its postponement.

Mr. Wilkinson said he was opposed to the postponement of the question. He contended that it was the duty of the Government to enforce the laws within all constitutional limits, and that the doctrines urged by the Senators from Pennsylvania and Virginia were simply doctrines of secession.

Mr Cowan responded that the only way in which the Union could be restored, was to allow every part of it to enjoy their rights. In any other way we could not succeed. He looked upon the scheme to thrust emancipation down the throats of the South in the same light as the attempt of the South to thrust slavery upon the North. He wanted to make the Southerners our friends, and not place weapons in their hands against us. The country was not to be saved by the initiation of legislation and schemes in favor of the enemy, but by war against rebellion and kindness to loyal people. He believed the system of legislation pursued here had brought us to the condition we are now in, and massed the enemy against us. Where is now the great army? And shall we go on fighting, as if we were an Abolition party fighting against a Pro-Slavery party?

Mr. Chandler (Mich.) said the Senator from Pennsylvania wanted to know where the army was or who placed them there. The army of the Potomac, when it marched onto Manassas, numbered 230,000 men and the enemy less than 30,000. They marched on Manassas, and found thirty-two wooden guns and eleven hundred dead horses. That army could have marched to Richmond in thirty days, and not lost a thousand men, and there was no impediment to its marching to Charleston or New Orleans. But the Senator from Pennsylvania wants to know who placed the army where they are. The press, politicians and traitors of the country declared that E. M. Stanton put them there. But Mr. Stanton had nothing to do with putting the army in the marshes of the Chickahomony. This is a matter of criminality, gross criminality, which should consign the criminal to eternal detestation and condemnation. The country demands a sacrifice for this crime, and the press of the country demand the sacrifice of Stanton, who was a mere clerk to obey the orders of the President. He (Mr. C.) had introduced a resolution which, if answered, would show the true criminal. The criminality was reduced so as to be between two persons. The great crime consisted in sacrificing and dividing this great Army of the Potomac, and the criminal is either Abraham Lincoln or George B. McClellan. There is no third man at all. The criminal, in his judgment, should not only be deprived of office, but suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The Nation has been disgraced by this division of the Army of the Potomac, and E. M. Stanton was always opposed to it. If that great army had been commanded by that arch-traitor Jeff. Davis, there would not have been a movement which he would not have ordered since the 1st of December. He called on the press and the traitors of the country to stop denouncing a mere clerk, and denounce Abraham Lincoln or George B. McClellan, who led the army into the marshes of the Chickahominy, where they died like sheep, and where the left wing was left to maintain a savage fight, when a reinforcement of 20,000 men from the right or centre would have sent the rebels back into Richmond defeated. He had an extract from the Detroit Free Press read, charging the blame on Stanton, Wade, Chandler, &c. This, he said, is a paper which was obliged to show the Union flag by a mob. He claimed that the Michigan soldiers had been in every fight, yet no notice had been taken of them by the Commander-in-Chief.

Mr. Lane (Kansas) thought this was no time for criminations. The speech of the Senator from Pennsylvania, at the meeting held lately at New York, would do more to mass the enemy than all the legislation in Congress. Some men in the country had asked and prayed that loyal black men might be taken into the service. If this had been done, he believed the war might have been closed in ninety days, and the fifty thousand men lost by Halleck in the marshes before Corinth, in building fortifications, &c., been saved. He (Mr. Lane) was willing to stand by the President and the Secretary of War, whom he believed to be the soul and bulwark of the nation, till this war was over, and then he would be willing to go with the Senator from Michigan into an investigation of who was to blame.

On motion of Mr. Fessenden, the Senate then went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Porter (Ind.) the House, under a suspension of the rules, took up the Senate bill for the establishment of arsenals at Columbus, Ohio; Indianapolis, Indiana, and Rock Island, Illinois, for the deposit and repair of arms, etc., appropriating for each a hundred thousand dollars. It was passed.

Mr. Gooch (Mass.), from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the Senate bill to carry into effect the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave trade. It authorizes the appointment, by the President, of a Judge and Arbitrator at New York, also at Sierra Leone, and at Cape of Good Hope. Passed.

Mr. Edwards (N. H.) presented a bill, which was passed, directing credits to be given on the proper books to the several Indian tribes for the amount of trust bonds abstracted from the Interior Department.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. Morris (Ohio) said he came here to support the administration, by every constitutional means to put down the rebellion, and in this he had been consistent. He had voted for all supplies in men and money. But now he found himself arraigned by certain gentlemen as disloyal and sympathizing with the secessionists and rebels. This was implied in the speech of his colleague (Mr. Egerton), which was remarkable for nothing but abuse of men of purer patriotism than himself. Such charges against him were impudently and basely false. Mr. Morris then defended the democracy and his own political conduct in connection with that party.

Mr. Van Horn (N. Y.) spoke of the vast importance of the construction of the ship canal around Niagara Falls.

Mr. Richardson (Ill.) briefly vindicated the late issued address of the Democratic party.

The Committee then rose and the House adjourned.

The Rebels Terribly Cut Up.

M'CLELLAN'S NEW POSITION—WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—A gentleman who arrived here this morning from Fredericksburg reports that the rebels were so terribly cut up in their late battles on the Peninsula that they almost despair of defending Richmond.

The bulletins issued from the War Department give great satisfaction. They show that General McClellan has taken up a secure position on the banks of the James River, where a fleet of seventeen gunboats is ready to co-operate in future movements of the army, and that the new base of operations is the best that could have been chosen.

The wounded soldiers who have arrived here from the Peninsula are all doing well to-day, and are in excellent spirits.

A captain in a regiment from Syracuse, New York, fought for six days with a Minie ball in his leg. He is doing well.

Capt. Devereaux, of the Massachusetts Nineteenth, was removed this morning to the house of Assistant Postmaster McLellan, where a ball was extracted from his lungs. He will recover.

The Latest from the Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—There is nothing new from the army of the Potomac. We are assured by Gen. McClellan, of the excellent spirits of the men. All was quiet up to 8 A. M., to-day.

More Good News from McClellan.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 5.—Fresh troops arrived here from Washington, yesterday, and went up the James river in the evening.

Four small steamers, with four barges in tow, arrived at Fortress Monroe this morning, laden with artillerymen, horses, &c., and were doubtless bound up the river.

A skirmish took place yesterday morning, near our left wing, which resulted in the defeat of the rebels. We took 1000 rebel prisoners and three small batteries, and our cavalry followed them up till they passed beyond White Oak.

For the last two days the rebels have shown little disposition to fight, and yesterday relinquished their ground and batteries almost without resistance.

Spirited Address of Gen. McClellan to his Army, on the 4th of July.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING,
July 4th, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your materiel, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle—taking in return guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury by many of the same race and nation, skilfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history.

No one will now question that each of you may always, with pride, say "I belong to the army of the Potomac."

You have reached this new base complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit.

The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people.

On this, our nation's birth-day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so called confederacy. That our national constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure or blood.

(Signed) GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Important News from the West.

VICKSBURG CAPTURED BY COM. FARRAGUT.

NEW MADRID, July 5.—Vicksburg is ours. [No particulars have yet been received.]

CAIRO, July 5.—The ram Monarch brings news from Vicksburg to the 28th ult.

On Thursday, Porter's fleet commenced to shell the upper battery below the town. This was continued all day, and renewed on Friday, and in the afternoon was directed on the town, over which the shells were plainly seen to burst. This continued until 4 o'clock, when it ceased. During the bombardment the rebel batteries replied feebly, firing inaccurately.

Half an hour after the cessation of the bombardment, the rebel water battery opened on the mortar fleet, which replied until the battery ceased firing. At 8 o'clock fire was opened from the entire fleet on the town and continued an hour.

On the next morning at 4 o'clock the bombardment was renewed, during which eight of Farragut's vessels passed between the batteries without sustaining serious damage.

The city of Vicksburg must have been damaged, as great conflagrations were seen in numerous places.

We are informed, on indisputable authority, that 5000 negroes have been ordered by General Butler to work on a canal at Cross Bend, which will render Vicksburg an inland town hereafter.

Seven hundred more shell have been ordered from New Orleans.

The ram Monarch met Capt. Davis' fleet 100 miles this side of Vicksburg.

Operations at Vicksburg.

CHICAGO, July 7.—A special despatch from Memphis, dated the 6th, states that the ram Lioness had arrived, with advices from the fleet above Vicksburg.

The canal across the point of land opposite Vicksburg is nearly completed. Negro workmen have been collected from the various plantations in the vicinity. In all cases Government receipts were given for them. Several thousand were engaged on the work. It is supposed that when the ditch is finished the river would cut a wide channel during high water, and forever leave Vicksburg an inland village.

The bombardment is kept up at regular intervals from both fleets, Commodore Davis having arrived when the Lionness left. The rebel batteries were still replying occasionally. It was believed that the rebel works would be stormed on the 4th, and there is every reason to believe that the city has already fallen.

The rebel force is said to be 16,000. A story had reached the fleet that several hundred of the rebels had been killed by the explosion of shells.

[This despatch only gives news from the fleet to the 2d inst. The despatch from New Madrid, announcing the capture of Vicksburg, was dated July 7th. Although as yet unconfirmed, it does not appear to be improbable.]

Affairs at Mobile.

PREPARATIONS FOR ITS DEFENCE—BRAGG WITH 45 000 MEN.

CORINTH, July 5.—From a former employee of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, who has arrived here via Tupello, we learn that two gun boats and one ram are in Mobile bay. There are 10,000 troops stationed below Mobile. The fortifications around that city, which were commenced a month ago, are completed, and the inhabitants are sanguine, believing that Mobile cannot be taken. He says that General Bragg is in command at Tupello with 45,000 men. Breckinridge had left there with 30,000 men. All the troops were short of clothing and provisions. They have bacon twice a week, but no coffee nor salt. The rebels say they came to take Corinth, and the rebel impressions generally are that a majority of our troops have gone East. It is the unanimous testimony of scouts and deserters that no rebel troops, except cavalry, have gone East.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

THE EUROPA OFF CAPE RACE.

The Excitement Regarding American Affairs Increasing.

ST. JOHN'S, July 7.—The royal mail steamer Europa passed off Cape Race at midnight on the 6th.

She left Liverpool on the 28th, via Southampton on the 29th, and brings two days' later advices.

The news from America, brought by the Persia, caused increased excitement in England, and in the Liverpool cotton market prices had further advanced.

The London Times at last admits that the superior numbers and resources of the North must in the end prevail, but hopes that some means will be devised to bring this unnatural conflict to a close.

The London Herald thinks it is time that some decided action was taken by France and England.

The London Times, in an editorial on the state of affairs in America, says the news shows that not much can be expected before fall; but it hopes that means will be devised by which the conflict may be ended.

The French Chambers have adjourned.

Rumors are current that the Emperor is reconsidering the principles of the Mexican expedition. The embarkation of troops to Mexico had been principally suspended.

The ship Armede Snow is ashore near Baszin.

The ship Sooloo was totally destroyed by fire near Hong Kong.

STATE OF TRADE.—Prices at Manchester are still advancing, but the sales of cloths and yarns are small.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The funds were very dull, notwithstanding the continuance of the influx of gold to the bank. There was rather more demand for money, owing to the end of the quarter coming round, but rates were unchanged.

A Strike at New York.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The grain shovelers in this city are on a strike, demanding that the elevators shall be dispensed with, as they destroy their business and endanger their lives.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1862.

Things about town have now a more cheerful look. The blues, with which the most of us were afflicted on Thursday and Friday, under the first (bad) impressions of the fighting before Richmond, have given way to a feeling of renewed confidence and hope, materially aided by the joyful intelligence that "Vicksburg is ours." Vicksburg is not Richmond, to be sure, but with its capture the Mississippi is rid of one of the worst rebel nests on its banks, and that is something. Stocks are looking up, and all attempts to renew the "Bull Run panic" of Thursday have been unavailing.

Governor Morgan has been in town, and in frequent consultation with high military officers, with reference to providing as speedily as possible the quota of troops from this State under the new call. There are some who think as there is always an active demand for laborers in the agricultural districts at this season, in view of the approaching harvest, it will be a matter of some difficulty to answer the call, but these apprehensions are probably groundless. In any event, however, the men must be forthcoming and if they can be had in no other way a draft will forthwith be ordered.

The celebration of the Fourth passed off here in a remarkably quiet manner. No accidents, nor fires, nor outrages, nor disorder of any kind, to speak of.

The illness of Madame Susini, alluded to a few days ago, terminated fatally. On Tuesday last she gave birth to an infant, and her confinement was followed by puerperal fever. Her remains were sent to Albany. Miss Hinckley was married but about a year ago to Susini, whose grief at his sad loss is said to be intense. Her professional career was short, but brilliant, and the intelligence of her death will be received with as much regret in musical circles abroad as it has created here.

Mr. Marsh, U. S. Consul to Ancona, is a passenger in the Bremen; also, the following from your city: Miss Nichols, Miss Jessie Smith, Mrs Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Duraad, N. Grammage, S. Burnley, S. J. Thornton, J. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, L. Fasnacht, N. Revell, W. S. Peterkin, and Isaac Meyer.

As an evidence of the rate at which trade with New Orleans is reviving, it may be stated that no less than four steamers are about to sail for that port within as many days. They will all go out with large cargoes of provisions, and each expects to bring back as large a one of sugar, molasses and cotton.

General Scott will leave for Rockaway next week, if his health will permit. The report that he had gone to Washington is incorrect.

On Wednesday last a fire broke out in a stable, in the rear of 79 Mott street—and before the flames could be extinguished, property to the value of $16,000—upon which there was a partial insurance in city companies, was destroyed. There were five houses destroyed in all, two of which were tenements, occupied by poor Irish families, most of whom were cast shelterless on the street.

The week closes with an unsettled money market. The range for demand notes for first-class securities is 6 per cent., though in some instances 6½ a 7½ is paid. Paper sells at a slight advance. Prime is quoted at 5 a 6 per cent. for 60 days, 6 a 7 for 4 a 12 months, and the latter-named for the best single names. For second class, 7 a 9½.

The assurance of the positive safety of the McClellan army, coupled with the news of the surrender of Vicksburg, caused a strong reaction in Wall street. At the First Board the market was moderately active; with a general advance in prices. Governments were firm, and in demand. The following were the principal operations:—$70,000 U. S. 6s '81 (coup.) at 101¼ a 101½; $43,000 Treasury 7 3-10 per cent. notes, 103½ a 103; $10,000 6s, '81, (reg.,) 101; $1,000 U. S. 6s, '68, 99½.

Foreign Exchange closed unsettled and irregular. On London the range was 120 a 122, and on Paris, 4f. 70 a 4f. 62½.

The sales of gold at the board footed up $1,380, at 110 a 109½.

COTTON.—The market continues active; some sales were made at previous prices.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged; we hear of sales of 10,000 barrels, at $4 50 a $4 75 for superfine State and Western; $5 a 5 10 for extra State; $5 05 a 5 15 for the low grades of Western extra; and $5 10 a $5 25 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is steady; 700 barrels are reported sold, at $5 30 a $5 80 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore; and $6 a6 85 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is in fair request; 300 barrels were sold at $2 75 a 4. Corn Meal is unchanged; 750 barrels were sold, at $2 75 a 2 85 for Jersey; and $2 90 a 3 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is unchanged; 200,000 bushels are reported sold, at 98c. a $1 01 for Chicago spring; $1 07 a 1 12 for Milwaukie Club; $1 19 a $1 24 for red Western; and $1 27 a $1 28 for white Ohio. Rye is selling at 70 a 72 cents for Western; and 75 a 77 cts. for State. Oats are steady, at 43 a 45c. for State.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is more active; 1000 bbls. changed owners at $8 50 a 8 75 for prime; and $10 a $10 50 for mess. Beef is unchanged. Lard is steady, with sales of 700 kegs, at 7½ a 8½ cents. Butter and Cheese are steady, and prices are unchanged.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS.			
U States 6s '81	100	101¼	101¾
Treas N 7-30	100	103¾	104
Penna 6s	100	105	106
" 5s	100	85	85½
" 5s cp	100	90	..
Philada 6s o	100	96¾	97¼
" R	100	96⅞	97
" G I n	100	..	..
" N Ln	100	101¼	102
" coup'n	100	..	..
" 5s	100	..	..
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	..	..
" 6s R	100	..	..
Alleg City 6s	100	..	—
" co R	100	..	..
Camden 6s	100	..	..
Tenn 5s	100	..	..
Cincinna 6s	100	..	..
Missouri 6s	100	..	..
St Louis bds	100	..	..
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	..	..
Philadelphia	100	..	110
Far & Mech	50	..	..
Commercial	50	..	..
N Liberties	50	..	..
Mechanics'	20	..	..
Southwark	50	..	..
Kensington	50	62	..
Penn Town	35	32½	..
Girard	50	40	40½
Western	50	..	..
Manu & Mec	25	..	24½
Commerce	50	..	..
Tradesmen's	50	..	..
City	50	44½	45
Consolidat'n	25	..	27
Commonw'h	50	..	34
Corn Exc'ge	50	..	28
Union	50	..	..
Camden	50	..	..
" Far & M	50	..	..
Germant'n	50	..	..
Miner's Pts	50	..	..
Trenton B C	50	..	..
Bk Pittsburg	50	..	..
Mer & Manu	50	..	..
Exchange	50	..	..
Kentucky	100	..	..
" North	100	..	..
" South	100	..	..
Louisville	100	..	..
Farmers'	100	..	97
Tenn Union	100	..	..
" Plants	100	..	..
INSUR CO.			
N America	10	18	18½
Penns F & A	200	..	..
Life & Annui	100	115	..
Girard L & T	25	30	36
Amer Fire	75	..	..
Penna M & N	100	..	..
Franklin	100	..	..
County	50	..	..
CANALS.			
Sch Nav shs	50	5⅝	8⅞
" prfd	50	15¾	15
" ln q'72	100	..	..
" loan '82	100	70	71
" loan bt	100	..	..
" imp't ln	100	..	..
" 1876	100	..	..
Leh Nav shs	50	49⅞	50
" Scrip	50	30	31
" 6 per ct	100	..	..
Morris Can'l	100	45	47
" prefd	100	120	125
" bds	100	97	..
" 2d mtg	100	..	..
Ches & Del	200	..	..
" 6s '86	100	..	..
Union C shs	50	..	..
" pref 6s	50	..	..
" bonds	100	..	..

	Par	Bid	Ask
Susq & Tide	50	4¾	6
" bds '78	100	33⅞	34
Del Div Cnl	50	39	39
" bds	100	..	..
W Branch bs	100	88	..
RAILROADS.			
Cam & Am R	100	129	129½
" 6s '64	100	97	..
" 6s '64	100	..	..
" 6s '67	100	..	93
" 6s '70	100	..	..
" 6s '75	100	..	..
" 6s '83	100	..	93
" 6s '89	100	..	..
" 6s '63	100	..	..
Phil & Trn R	100	..	..
" bds '68	100	..	..
Penna R	50	47½	47¾
" 6s 1st m	100	104	102½
" 2d m	100	95½	..
L Schuyl R	50	..	20
" 6s	100	..	..
" 7s	100	..	..
Del R m bds	100	..	93
" guar	100	..	..
Beaver M R	50	53¼	53½
" prf 10	50	..	..
Phil, G & N R	50	48½	49
" 6s	100	..	..
Reading R	50	28⅞	28¾
" pf stk	50	..	..
" m 6s '43	100	..	..
" m 6s '44	100	..	99
" m 6s '70	100	93	95
" m 6s '86	100	85½	..
Minehill R	50	47½	48½
H M J & L R	50	54	54½
" R bs '83	100	..	..
N Penna R	50	8⅜	8½
" 6s	100	78	78½
" 10s	100	..	..
Sham V & Pts	50	17	..
Phil & Sun 7s	100	90	94
Chester V R	50	..	..
" 7s	100	..	..
Lehigh V R	50	53	..
" 6s	100	100	..
Elmira & W	50	12	13
" prefd	50	21	22
" bds 7s	100	..	86
" 10s	100	..	33
Catawiss R	50	3	4
" pfd	50	11½	11½
Phil W & B R	50	..	..
" bds '63	100	..	..
" loan '84	100	..	..
Phil & Erie	50	13	..
" bds en	100	91¾	93
Sun & R 7s	100	95	95½
Cum Val R	50	..	..
L Island R	50	16½	17
" bds	100	..	95
W Chester 7s	100	..	..
" 8s	100	..	..
CITY P. R.			
Second St R	20	72½	72¾
" 1st m 7s	100	..	..
" 2d m 7s	100	99	101
Germant'n	8	..	..
Fifth & 6th R	50	..	..
" 7s	100	..	..
Tenth St	20	..	..
Spruce St R	8	13	14
Chesnut St R	10	..	..
W Philad R	50	..	..
" 7s	100	..	..
Arch St R	20	24¾	26½
Race St R	18	9	10½
" 7s	100	..	..
Green St R	15	33¾	33
" 7s	100	..	..
MISCELLA'S.			
Am Gold	100	109¾	109¾
Acad Music	100	25	37½
Pa & Lh Zinc	50	..	..

Baltimore Stocks.	Par	Bid	Ask	New York Stocks.	Par	Bid	Ask
Balt C 6s '90	100	..	..	N Y Cen R	100	90¾	90½
Maryl'd 6s '70	100	..	..	Ill Cen R	100	..	59¾
Balt R 6s '62	100	..	..	Rock Isl R	100	..	64½
" shs	100	..	..	Gal & Chi R	100	..	70½
N Cen R shs	100	..	..	Mich South	100	..	..
" 6s '85	100	..	..	Cleve & Tol	50	..	48

—We give below a statement of the business of the Philadelphia Custom-house, for the month of June, 1862, as compared with the two previous years:

June.	1859.	1861.	1862.
Merchandise in Wareh'se, June 1	882,268	1,572,350	654,974
Received in Warehouse from foreign ports	185,806	134,562	329,852
" districts	15,215	29,936	36,248
Withdrawn from Warehouse for consumption	167,080	122,276	530,841
" transportation	5,574	2,495	22,416
" export	8,925	1,520	
Remaining in Warehouse, June 30	901,709	1,609,718	463,817
Dutiable goods entered for consumption direct	899,989	154,412	355,977
Free goods entered	172,188	181,378	32,090
Domestic productions exported	644,526	919,690	723,008

DUTIES RECEIVED.	1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.
June	184,415	220,227	63,858	479,848
Prev. 5 months	1,031,857	1,250,149	806,516	1,417,565
	$1,216,272	1,470,376	870,374	1,897,413

The receipts at our Custom house, for the past month, indicates quite a revival of trade. The cash receipts were about seven and a half times the receipts of June last year, more than double those of 1860, and nearly three times of 1859. For the half of the fiscal year the receipts are $1,897,413, against $870,374 in corresponding time last year.

—The gold deposits at the United States Mint for the month of June, were $174,160 13, and silver purchases $32,612 60. There were received in the same time 402,000 old copper cents in exchange for the new nickle. The gold coinage for the month was $588,757, principally in gold dollars. The silver coinage was $12,828—nearly all of it in quarters, dimes, and half dimes. There was also coined during the month 1,500,000 cents of the new issue. The whole number of pieces coined was two million four hundred and eighty-two thousand three hundred and eighty-four, of the value of $646 586.

—A counterfeit $5 bill of the Bank of Chambersburg, Pa., was put in circulation yesterday. It is apparently a lithograph, on flimsy, greasy paper, and so badly executed as to scarcely need a minute description. A slight examination will suffice to detect its fraudulent and worthless character.

—The Spruce and Pine Street Passenger Railway Company has made a semi annual dividend of fifty cents per share, payable on and after the 15th instant, until which time the transfer books are closed.

Cents being about the only specie in circulation, are in anxious demand, and we have heard of 2 per cent premium in some instances being paid for them. This is quite unnecessary, for the Mint will exchange them in any amount for Treasury Notes at par.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Philadelphia	4 62½	1 26	53	40
New York	4 40	1 14	54	44
Buffalo	4 25	89	41	35
Cleveland	4 25	1 00	40	28
Wilmington	4 25	1 20	54	36
Richmond	—	—	—	—
Cincinnati	3 95	55	31	31
Trenton, N. J.	4 75	1 24	55	36
St. Louis	4 75	1 10	50	33
Baltimore	5 12	1 35	57	40
Albany	5 00	1 21	50	43
Nashville, Tenn.	5 75	1 40	80	80
Boston	4 50	—	64	51
New Orleans	20 00	—	1 65	—
Pittsburg	4 75	1 01	37	28
Louisville	4 65	1 10	50	49
Chicago	3 85	82	27½	26
Rochester	4 50	1 25	54	33
Detroit	4 25	1 05	46	33
Toledo	4 25	95	32	30
Milwaukie	4 00	81	30	28

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—At Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard, during the past week, the sales of Cattle amounted to 1251 head. The prices ranged at from 7 to 9c. per lb. Cows—60 head sold at from $15 to $35 each. Sheep—7000 head were sold at from $2 50 to $3 50 per head. Hogs—460 head were sold at from $4 25 to $5 per cwt. net. At Imhoff's Union Hog Yard, 2326 head were sold at from $4 to $4 25 for still-fed, and $4 25 to $4 75 for corn-fed.

BALTIMORE, July 3.—Beef Cattle.—The offerings amounted to 850 head. 150 head were held over; 150 driven to Washington, and the balance, 550 head, taken by city butchers and packers at prices ranging from $3 25 to 4 50 per 100 lbs. A decline on the inferior grades of 25c per 100 lbs. Hogs—Fair to prime sold at from $4 25 to $4 60 per 100 lbs. A decline of 25c per 100 lbs. Sheep—3 to 4c per lb., gross for fair to prime Sheep.

BRIGHTON, (near Boston,) July 3.—At market 800 Beeves, 5600 Sheep and Lambs, and 500 Swine. Prices—Market Beef—Extra $7 00; first quality, $6 75; second do., $6 00; third do., $4 75 a 5. Sheep and Lambs—$1 a 2 50; extra, $4 a $1 50. Swine—Stores, wholesale, 4c; retail, 5c per lb. Spring Pigs—Wholesale, 7½c; retail, 7½ a 8½c.

PHILADA. WHOLESALE MARKET.

Business generally has been neglected and dull, owing in some measure to the wet weather and the very unfavorable advices from the seat of war in Virginia, which have had a tendency to depress the markets for most of the leading articles. Bark continues steady and firm. In Breadstuffs there has been very little doing, but prices if anything are better at the close. Coal is unsettled and buyers and sellers are apart in their views. Iron is firm and on the advance, with an active demand for manufactured Iron at improved rates. Cotton closes rather quiet. The market for Groceries is better, and Sugar and Coffee very active. Provisions still rule dull and neglected. Fish unsettled and drooping.

Bark—Demand for Quercitron fair, at $33 50 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark—$11 a 12 for Chesnut and $13 a $14 for Spanish oak. *Beeswax*, 34 cents per lb. *Coal*—There is a good demand for Anthracite both for shipment or home use, and but little coming forward, except by railroad; buyers and sellers are apart in their views, the high rates now current limiting operations, and the shipments from Richmond are limited by a scarcity of vessels. *Coffee*—Sales of 1200 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 19a21½, Laguayra sold at 18 a 21½c, cash, and short time. *Copper*—A small business in yellow metal, at 22c for sheets and 21c for bolts. *Cotton*—Prices at the close were firm, with sales of middling and good middling at 32 a 40 cents per pound, cash. *Feathers* are scarce at 38 a 40c per lb, the latter for prime lots. *Fish*—Price range at about $8⅜ and $6½ for 1's and 2's; a few new 3's quoted at $5⅝ a 6 per barrel. Pickled Herring are dull at $1⅝ a2½ per bbl. Dry Cod are dull at $3 25a3 50 per 100 lbs. *Fruit*—Oranges and Lemons scarce; Pine Apples are worth $6 50 the 100. Raisins and Currants continue scarce and high. *Flour and Meal*—Some 15,000 bbls. found buyers, at $4 50 a 4 75 for common and good superfine; $4 80 a 5 for extras; $5 25 a 5 75 for family, and $6 a 6 50 for fancy do. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the same range of prices, including high grade fancies at $6 50 a 6 87. Rye Flour is offered at $3 25 a 3 50 per barrel. Corn Meal—Pennsylvania is held at $2 75 per barrel. *Grain*—Wheat, prices are unsettled; sales reached about 30,000 bushels good and prime Pennsylvania reds, at $1 20 a 1 28, and white at from $1 30 to 1 35, the latter for Kentucky. Rye—all offered has been taken at 67 cents, closing at the latter rate. Corn—about 25,000 bushels, prime Southern yellow, at 54 cents. Oats—20,000 bushels found sale at 38 a 40c. Barley and Malt are quiet and prices nearly nominal. *Ginseng* is scarce, and no sales of Crude or Clarified are quoted. *Guano* meets with a steady demand at previous quotations. *Hay*—The market is firmer and good Timothy rather scarce at 60 a 75 cents the 100 lbs. *Hemp* remains inactive with but little stock. *Hops*—Sales in a small way only at 16 a 20c for Eastern and Western. *Iron*—The market for Pig Metal is better, holders generally are asking a further advance, but there is very little doing, and sales comprise only a few small lots Anthracite at $24 for No. 1, and $23 for No. 2, on time. No. 3 is held at $21, six months, without sales. Scotch Pig is also firmer. In manufactured iron there is more activity, most of the mills being well supplied with orders, and prices have a strong upward tendency. *Lead* is scarce and firm at $6 90 the 100 lbs, cash. *Lumber*—Sales of white pine boards at $14 a 16, and yellow sap do at $13 a 14 per M. Laths are taken in lots at $1 23 a 1 25. *Molasses*—Sales of Syrup at about 30 a 32c; Muscovado at 26 a 30c. *Naval Stores*—Spirits Turpentine is selling at $1 40 a 1 43 per gallon. Rosin selling in lots as wanted at $9 a 12 for common and No. 2. Tar is scarce at $10 a 11, and Pitch at $9 per bbl. *Oils*—There is little change in fish oils, and about the usual business. Lard Oil is dull at 60 a 65c. Linseed is steady at 90 a 92c, and coal oil is firmer. *Plaster*—Sales of soft at $2 50 per ton. *Provisions*—Mess Pork has been selling in lots at $11 a 11 25. Mess Beef at $12a15 per bbl. the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales have been limited at 5 a 8½ for plain and fancy Hams; 5½ a 5¾c for Sides and 4c for Shoulders. Green Meats—Shoulders at 3¾ a 4c, Hams at 6 a 6½c. Lard—sales at 8¼ a 8¾c for tierces and barrels, and 8½ a 9c for kegs, country packed is selling at 7¼ a 7½c, cash and time. Butter is selling at 9 a 12c for prime lots. Cheese, 7 a 8c per lb. Eggs at 11 a 12c per dozen. *Rice*—Demand limited at 5 cents for East India. *Seeds*—Cloverseed ranges at $5 08; Timothy $1 75, and Flaxseed at $2 20 per bus. Red Top—last sale at $2 50 per sack. *Spirits*—N. E. Rum sells at 37 a 38c. Whisky is also better, bbls selling rather more freely at 29 a 30c, and Drudge at 28 cents. *Sugars*—The market has been more active this week, and prices about the same; sales include about 800 hhds. Cuba, in small lots, at 7¼ a 8¾c. for fair to good grocery quality, on time. *Tallow*—Sales of city rendered at 9 cents per lb.; Country is worth 8½ cents. *Tobacco* continues quiet, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and prices rule about the same. *Wool*—There is rather more offering and selling this week, and sales to some extent are reported at 48 a 50c, cash, for common to quarter blood Fleece. Some fine was also taken at 52 cents per lb. net.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

Corrected by Geo. J. Boyd, 18 S. Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1862.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Phila. City Banks,	par
Allegheny Bank,	½ dis
Allentown Bank	par
Anthracite Bank,	½ dis
Bank Beaver Co,	½ dis
" Catasaqua,	par
" Chamb'sb'g,	½ dis
" Chester Co.	par
" Chester Val.,	½ dis
" Com., Erie,	
" Danville,	½ dis
" Delaware Co,	par
" Gettysburg,	½ dis
" Lawrence Co	2 dis
" Middletown,	½ dis
" Montgm'y Co,	par
" Northumb'd,	½ dis
" Penna., 70 to	75 dis
" Pittsburg,	2 prem
" Pottstown,	½ dis
Cen'l Bk Hollidays'g,	
Citizens' Bk Pitts'g,	½ dis
Columbia Bank,	½ dis
Crawford Co. Bank,	dis
Meadville,	2 dis
Doylestown Bank,	par
Easton Bk, Easton,	par
Erie Bank, Erie,	— dis
Erie City Bk, Erie,	— dis
Ex. Bk. Pittsburg,	½ dis
Farm's Bk. Bucks Co,	par
" Lancas'r,	par
" Read's,	par
" Schl. Co	par
Far. & Drovers' Bk,	½ dis
Far. & Mechanics' Bank, Easton,	par
Frank'n Bk, Wash.	½ dis
Harrisburg Bank,	½ dis
Honesdale Bank,	½ dis
IronCity Bk, Pitts.,	2 prem
Jersey Shore Bank,	½ dis
Kittanning Bank,	½ dis
Lancaster Bank,	½ dis
" Co. Bank,	par
Lebanon Bank,	½ dis
" Valley Bk	½ dis
Lewisburg Bank,	½ dis
Lock Haven Bank,	½ dis
Mauch Chunk Bank	par
M'Kean Co. Bank,	½ dis
Mech. Bk, Pittsb'g.	2 prem
Mer. & Man. Bk. do,	½ dis
Miners' Bk. Potts'e,	par
Monongahela Valley Bank,	
Monongahela Bank	½ dis
N. W. Bk. Warren,	— dis
Octorora Bk, Oxf'd	½ dis
Shamokin Bank,	½ dis
Stroudsburg Bank,	½ dis
Tioga Co. Bank,	½ dis
Union Bk Reading	½ dis
West Pranch Bk,	½ dis
Wyoming Bank, Wilkesbarre,	½ dis
York Bank, York,	½ dis
" County Bank,	½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Eastern,	—
Western,	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent Bks par to	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent Banks.	½ dis.

NEW YORK.	
Solvent Bks, ½ to	¾ dis
Hollister Bk. Buff'o,	10 dis
Hamilton Ex. Bk.,	25 dis
Pratt Bk., Buffalo,	15 dis
Ontario Bank,	20 dis
Sackett's Harb. Bk,	30 dis
Reciprocity Bank,	30 dis
Yates Co. Bank,	40 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent Banks,	½ dis
Mt. Vernon Bank,	dis
R. I. Central Bank,	dis
Bank of South Co,	50 dis
Bk. of the Republic,	dis
Hopkinton Bank,	dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent Banks,	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent Banks,	½ dis
MAINE.	
Solvent Banks,	½ dis
Monson River Bk,	dis
Maritime Bank,	dis
Hancock, Ellsworth,	dis
Bank Halloweil,	dis
Norembega Bank,	dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore,	½ dis
Solvent Bks, ¼ to	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Free Banks,	60 to 70 dis
INDIANA.	
State bk l Branches	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent Bks, par to	½ dis
DISTRICT COLUMBIA.	
Solvent Banks, ¾ to	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent Banks, 40 to	50 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent Banks,	50 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All Banks,	uncertain
GEORGIA.	
Solvent Banks,	50 dis
Manufacturers' Bk, Macon,	dis
Bk. Mid., Ga., Man,	dis
Bank of Athens,	
ALABAMA.	
Solvent Banks,	50 dis
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent Banks,	25 to 30 dis
OHIO	
Solvent Banks, ½ to	¾ dis
Canal Bk, Clevel'd,	— dis
Seneca Bk. Tiffin,	
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent Banks, 1 to	1½ dis
Kentucky Trust Co,	failed
MISSOURI.	
Solvent Banks, 5 to	10 dis
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent Bks,	50 dis
MICHIGAN.	
All Solvent Bks. 1 to	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All Banks,	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Solv't Banks,	2 dis
TEXAS.	
Com. & Ag. Galv'n,	— dis
CANADA.	
Solvent Banks	1¼ a 1½ pm
NEW BRUNSWICK.	
Solvent Banks,	10 dis

☞ Rates very unsettled.

U. S. Demand Notes 4½ a 5 prem.

MARRIED.

On the 26th of June, by Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D. D., GEO. L. McNEILL and HETTIE H., daughter of Geo. W. Nielson, Esq., all of this city.

CAPP—BECHTEL.—On the evening of June 30th, 1862, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, SAMUEL M. CAPP to CATHARINE A. BECHTEL, both of Philadelphia.

On the evening of the 2d inst., by Rev. W. Kenney, D. D., CHARLES H. MORSS to LIZZIE IDA WEAVER, all of this city.

In this city, on the 2d of July, 1862, by Rev T. De Witt Talmage, WILLIAM H. HAZEL to CATHARINE, daughter of the late John Canophy, Esq., all of this city.

ANDREWS—BROOKS.—June 30th, by Rev. James Cunningham, ALEXANDER ANDREWS and ELIZABETH BROOKS, all of Philadelphia.

BATEMAN—WILLIAMSON.—On Wednesday, 2d of July, 1862, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, WILLIAM O. BATEMAN, Esq., of Philadelphia, to LAVINIA R., youngest daughter of the late Hon. NICHOLAS G. WILLIAMSON, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 3d inst., by Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE KITTON to Miss ELIZABETH HAYTHORN, both of this city.

DIED.

BLAYLOCK.—On the morning of the 5th inst., at 6 o'clock, HANNAH, wife of James W. Blaylock, in the 26th year of her age.

CARLISH.—On the 26th June, of typhoid fever, at Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va., J. DON. CARLISH, aged 34 years.

CAWLEY.—May 6th, of congestion of the lungs, in Wilmington, North Carolina, Mrs. REBECCA JANE STANLEY, wife of William Cawley.

CONWAY.—At his residence, 312 South Second street, JOHN CONWAY, aged 70 years.

DAVIS.—On the 6th inst., MARGARET DAVIS, wife of William Davis, aged 36 years.

DUCKETT.—On the 2d inst., THERESA C., wife of the late Samuel P. Duckett.

GALLIGHER.—On the 5th instant, MARY, wife of John Galligher, aged 24 years.

MEEHAN.—Suddenly, on the 4th inst., PATRICK MEEHAN, aged 60 years.

PENDERGRASS.—On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE PENDERGRASS.

REBBLE.—On the 4th instant Miss ELIZABETH REBBLE, in the 65th year of her age.

REESE.—On the 6th inst., SARAH REESE, in the 83d year of her age.

LANDS TO ALL WANTING FARMS—Large and thriving settlement of Vineland, thirty miles South of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil. Fine crops to be seen growing. Twenty acre Tracts at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Fine business openings. Good society. Hundreds are settling and making improvements. Apply to CHARLES K. LANDIS, Postmaster, Vineland, Cumberland County, N. J. Letters answered. Papers containing full information will be sent free. 9-3-*58

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 NASSAU Street, New York. jy9 1t*53

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.—DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, will be sent on the receipt of two stamps to pay postage. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 225 North Second st., Phila.
jy9-1t*57

[From the Boston Transcript.]

REST.

BY DAVY WELLS.

A rose unbloomed for want of light,
With petals folded, soft and white;
A babe upon his mother's breast;
A glad bird dreaming in a nest;
Thus do I picture rest.

World-weary, I have sought in vain
Some peaceful resting place to gain;
Now know I it cannot be found,
Save in a narrow strip of ground,
Arched upward to a mound.

Then, welcome death, since death alone
Can ease the pangs my soul hath known;
My heavy eyes with sorrow wet,
In dreamless sleep shall soon forget
Life's labor and its fret.

Then lay me down beneath the sod,
Where bleeding feet have never trod;
So deep that I may never hear
The dropping of a human tear,
Or stifled cry of fear.

Place there a stone above the spot,
Of slate or marble care I not,
So be it it shall dull the tread
Of all sad walkers o erhead,
Who pace above the dead.

Three days our Saviour lay at rest,
With weak hands folded on his breast,
Ere he unclosed his deathless eyes,
And soaring through the upper skies,
Re-entered Paradise.

Thus would I pause a little space
To cleanse my soul from every trace
Of earth's blind agony and sin,
Before I dared to enter in
Where holiness hath been.

Three days, apart from care and doubt,
With grief not smothered, but sighed out;
Three days, that I mine eyes may steep
In cooling slumber, still and deep,
A soft, untroubled sleep.

Then with my glad heart speeding on
To where my risen Lord hath gone,
My bounding feet at length shall press
Those golden shores, where Happiness
Waits, calm and measureless.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

1. MANURE SHEDS.—Every farmer's manure shed, in his barn cellar or adjoining his barn, should have a stout hogshead inserted in the ground, at the lower end of the dung-heap, to catch and retain the liquid parts of the manure as they drain away from the manure. And this liquid in the hogshead should be poured back upon the manure, say, once or twice a week, to prevent the manure from getting so dry as to *fire-fang*. And the manure may also be greatly improved by occasionally sprinkling long air-slaked lime, potash, soda, salt, sod, muck, soap-suds, &c., over it, and also drawing all the urine of the horses and cattle into it.

2. MANURE FOR FRUIT-TREES.—Long experience has shown that an apple tree that stands near an old *wood-pile* always grows thriftily and bears an abundance of apples, as the fine, slowly-decaying chip-dirt forms an excellent manure for apple and other fruit trees.

2. WORMS IN FRUIT-TREES.—In early spring, and also in autumn, remove the surface ground close around the stem and upper roots of your newly-planted or one, two, three or four year old apple, peach and other fruits and search for and remove the *worms*, if any, that infest them, by boring them out with a *stout piece of wire*—which is much better for this purpose than a sharp knife.

4. PLUM TREES.—The best soil for plum trees consists of a heavy clay loam, and then a gravelly soil, while a sandy ground is the poorest of all, and also the worst for the presence and ravages of the *curculio*—that shy and destructive plum enemy.

5. FRUIT-BEARING.—If your fruit occupy too rich a soil, and so grow too fast to bear fruit, though they bear profusely, you may make them go into fruit bearing in various ways, as for example: 1, withholding their usual supply of manure; or 2, removing their rich surface-soil and replacing it with poor soil; or 3, cutting off some of their roots; or 4, slitting the bark open into the solid wood from the first set of limbs down to the ground, in one or two longitudinal slits; or 5, boring an auger-hole into the heart of the tree in the month of January or February—as each of these treatments will hasten and ensure fruit-bearing.

6. WORMY CHERRIES.—If ripe cherries are put into a basin full of cold spring water, I suppose cold pump water will answer, too, containing a handfull of soda, the wormy cherries, if any, will float on top of the water and leave the sound ones in the bottom of the water and thus enable you to eat or make pies of said cherries without any disgust.

7. TRANSPLANTING TREES.—Trees and other plants dug up and transplanted in the *night* time will, it is said, be far more sure to grow and do well than such as are dug up and transplanted in the day time.

8. BARK-WOUNDS.—To protect nicely-trimmed bark-wounds effectually against the oxydizing or decaying influences of the air, cover them with a very thin coat of gum shellac, composed of one ounce of shellac dissolved in one quart of alcohol of 95 per cent. strength. The alcohol will soon evaporate and leave the shellac coating dry and hard—but it should be thin or it may crack and peel off.

9. STRAWBERRIES.—Pull up or cut off your strawberry *runners* or unnecessary vines and scatter them evenly over your bed between the rows, for so used they will serve to shade and protect their roots from the drying and scorching effects of our hot July and August sun.

10. CELERY.—Celery planted between two rows of sweet corn, running North and South, and four feet apart, will grow very well, it is said, as the growing not only protects the tender celery against the heat of the sun, but also conducts the dripping dew and mist of the night down along their leaves to and upon the celery plants. The celery is planted at the last hoeing and hilling of the corn, and when celery plants are fully established, the corn is topped, and, when fully ripe removed entirely, so leaving the celery in full possession of the ground.

11. PLANTING OF TREES.—A Mrs. Knapp, of Clarkson, New York, had some sugar maple trees planted near her dwelling-house after she was 60 years old, and when she was 85 years of age, for she became an old woman, she herself made maple sugar from the sap of those very trees, and sent a specimen of it to the editor of the "Rural New Yorker.". What a lesson to those who are either too lazy or stingy, or both, to plant valuable trees on their grounds, to benefit themselves as well as generations of our race to come!

12. WASHING PIGS.—If your pigs are poor, dirty and runty, and refuse to thrive under what may be considered good food or feeding, put them one by one into a large vessel containing the soap-suds left after the washing of your family clothes, and rub and wash them right well in the suds two or three times, if necessary, and you will soon find them begin to thrive and fatten up greatly to your profit and their own comfort. Try it, if you doubt my word.

June 1862. WEST-BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

REMEDY FOR SICK TREES.

For the past few years, the peach, plum and cherry trees, in this part of the State, have been so affected with disease, as to make farmers fear that they should be entirely deprived of these most valuable fruits. This has been especially the case with plum and cherry trees. The most thrifty, as soon as they become large enough to bear, begin to manifest bilious symptoms, and (like an old man's eyes, as remarked by Hamlet) "purge thick amber and plum tree gum." After one or two sickly attempts at production, they obstinately persist in dying. Tree after tree in my garden and yard have thus become defunct, notwithstanding all the attention I could give them. I now have a valuable plum tree in the corner of my garden, blooming in all the vigor of health, which, last summer, manifested the fatal symptoms. Its branches were becoming wartier with gum than a toad's back. In fact I had given it up, and supposed it was fully on its way to join the ghosts of numerous other damsons that had resisted my nursing. It was cured *secundum artem* by the prescription of my family physician, in this wise. I was sitting in my door one afternoon last summer, when the doctor, a good-natured son of Æsculapius, was riding by from a visit to one of his patients. I called to him, and informed him that I wished to consult him professionally. He was soon at the door with his pill bags, looking wise and anxious, and inquired what the trouble was.

"That fine Damson of mine, in the corner of the garden, is sick, doctor. It has symptoms of the scrofula or some other horrid cutaneous disease, and I wish you would prescribe for it."

"Oh," said he, laughing, "it is a mere bilious attack, an eruption produced by bad blood. *Give it a dose of calomel!*"

I liked the idea, if it was a joke, and resolved to try it. Procuring of him about a tea-spoonful of calomel, I bored a quarter inch hole in the tree two feet from the ground, put the dose of calomel in and plugged it up tightly. We then lit our pipes and talked over the subject of trees (a favorite one with me) generally, till the doctor rode away. That dose of medicine, sure enough, cured the tree, and this spring it put out its leaves and blossoms healthily, and now is loaded with the promise of fruit.

Early this spring some cherry and peach trees that had begun to gum badly, I treated to a dose of sulphur in the same way, and I find it is producing the like curative results. I presume sulphur would be preferable to calomel, and it is much cheaper. All the improvements in agriculture and horticulture have resulted from intelligent experiments upon accidental suggestions, as well as rational hypothesis. The above remedy for sick trees may look rather absurd, but has been tested by my experiments, and I hope will be further tested by the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper," and the success or non-success reported through your Farmer's Department.

I have received so many valuable hints, and so much useful information through the communications of farmers in the "Newspaper," that I hold it to be my duty in return to communicate anything valuable which my farming experience may supply. If the above remedy proves successful, after full experiments, it will be of much importance in this part of the State, where plum and cherry trees seem to be about "played out." PHILO PLUM.

Bradford Co., Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MAKING CLOVER HAY.

As the season for making clover hay is close at hand, perhaps a few hints as to the best manner of conducting the operation would not be uninteresting to the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper." Most people agree that the best time for cutting clover is when the blossom has turned yellow. After cutting, I leave it lie in swath until the top has wilted, not dried, I then turn over the swath in a body, and leave the other side to undergo the same process until the grass is thoroughly wilted through. If the raking is to be done with a common hand-rake, the labor of closing the winrows, preparatory to stouting, may be facilitated by turning about four swaths together, which, in ordinary grass, will form a row sufficiently large to handle without difficulty. The best plan is to take the two inside swaths first, and turn them toward each other, afterward turning the two next towards them. If the raking is done by a horse, which is the cheapest and easiest way, when the ground is smooth enough to admit, then the above plan is of no advantage. After this I put up in small, neat stouts and leave until thoroughly sweated out and cured. In this way the hay retains all its original flavor, together with a beautiful green color, and is in excellent condition for removing to the barn. When the grass is spread broadcast over the whole surface of the ground and exposed to the scorching rays of the meridian sun, to be bleached and dried into a crisp, at least half its value will be lost. Its green color and sweet-smelling flavor will be gone, besides the loss in handling, when the leaves and all the finest quality of the hay will fall like chaff from the stems. I recently saw an article from a writer in one of our agricultural papers, which advocates the plan of putting up clover *partly* cured and salt to save it; but experience has taught me that this is not the best plan. In all cases where I have tried it, my hay has came out in a damaged condition. It is always best when farmers have buildings appropriate, to put their hay as nigh to the place of feeding as possible, thereby saving much labor besides the waste of handling. If it is necessary to stack clover hay, which should always be avoided if possible, the stack bottom should be so constructed as to leave a free circulation of air underneath. This can be done by placing three or four rails on the ground, and crossing them with as many more, crossing *them again* with rails one foot apart, which forms a bottom sufficiently tight, and keeps the hay the thickness of three rails from the ground. As clover is poor stuff to shed rain, the stacks should be topped with meadow hay or long straw to secure them from injury from being wet in farther than they will dry again in fair weather. T. G. B.

Sandyston, N. J., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

EFFECT OF THUNDER STORMS UPON MILK.

I noticed, in a late number of the "Newspaper," an inquiry as to the cause of milk becoming sour immediately after a thunder-storm. That it does do so, is a fact well substantiated, and many and various are the reasons which have been assigned for it. Many have ascribed it to the presence of electricity in the atmosphere, and while I am free to admit that this may be the cause, yet I am more inclined to the belief that it is only indirectly so. The souring, or more properly the coagulation of milk, is directly due to the formation of a small quantity of a lactic acid. This acid originates from the combination of the lactose, or milk-sugar, contained in the milk, with the oxygen of the air. In the natural state of the atmosphere, the oxygen contained in it will combine but slowly with other bodies, but during a thunder-storm, it undergoes a change, and becomes greatly intensified. After heavy discharges of electricity, there is always present in the air an appreciable quantity of a gas which chemists have given the name of ozone, from the Greek ozumi, to smell, because in the immediate vicinity of a heavy electrical discharge, it can readily be perceived by its peculiar smell. This gas—ozone—is an allotropic or double condition of oxygen, and enters far more readily into combination with other bodies than oxygen in its passive state. Ozone, then, or oxygen in its active or intensified state, being always present during a thunder-storm in a quantity more or less considerable, may be regarded as the agent which is the direct cause of the coagulation of milk, from its combination with the milk-sugar or lactose, producing lactic acid. Now to remedy this—if some substance can be placed in the milk which has a greater affinity for oxygen than the milk itself, the coagulation may be prevented, as the free or superabundant oxygen (unless it be present in a great quantity, which is not usual), will then be taken up, leaving the milk undisturbed. Now iron is a substance which has a great affinity for oxygen, and as the placing of small bright strips of it in the pans of milk is known to keep it sweet a longer time in summer, it may be possible that it would have the effect to prevent its coagulation during a thunder-storm, by reason of the fact that it would probably absorb the free oxygen before it could combine with the milk. Will not some other readers of the "Newspaper" give their views upon the subject? I would be happy to hear any other theory which may be advanced.

Mullica Hill, N. J., 1862. AGRICOLA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DRY MEASURE.

I am no writer, nor the son of a writer, but having seen in the "Newspaper" several articles relating to the subject of Dry Measure, and every single one of the statements being, in my opinion, wrong, I have been tempted to send some of my ideas on the same subject. In the "Newspaper" of June 4th, there is a rule given by R. E. X., to tell how long, wide and deep, a box must be to hold one barrel, half barrel, and bushel, half bushel and peck, and there is only one of them that is anywheres near right. He says, for one barrel take a box 25 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 16⅛ inches deep, will contain a barrel or three bushels; it contains neither. A barrel is 3384 bushels, and the number of inches in the box is 6450; also, a box 14x16x14-4 = half barrel, and a box 26x15x5⅛ = one bushel.

Now I will give a rule that is mathematically correct for one barrel, half barrel, bushel, half bushel and peck. A bushel is a cylinder 18½ inches in diameter, and 8 inches deep = 2150.422462 cubic inches; one barrel = 7276 5 cubic inches = 3 384 bushels.

A box 25x16, and 18.19125 inches deep = one barrel.

A box 20x16, and 11.37 inches deep = half barrel.

A box 25x15, and 5.73 inches deep = one bushel.

A box 10x12, and 8.96 or 9 inches deep = half bushel.

A box 8x10, and 6 72 inches deep = one peck

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa 1862. G. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WORN-OUT LANDS.

To one who has noticed the great labor and vast expense attending the cultivation of the old and worn out lands of the older States of this Union, and the short crops gathered therefrom, the system of cultivation in the newly settled South-west seems particularly objectionable. Instead of using the various and valuable means which science and art have placed within their reach, the south-western farmers are content to scratch their land and not to plow, to cultivate from year to year without caring for manures, and to pay little or no attention to a rotation of crops which is so beneficial to all lands. To be sure, the general fertility of the soil and his past experience, are good guarantees of a fair return for the labor bestowed; but why not do the best we can? Why not use all the means within our reach? Why not endeavor to preserve our lands, and to avoid exhausting, as we have seen them exhausted in older States. The labor in preserving will more than repay in products. If our lands with one or two scratchings yield us from 30 to 50 bushels of corn per acre, with three or four good plowings they will yield from 40 to 70; nor will they wear so fast, if well and deeply plowed, as when the surface is merely scratched. These things, though often mentioned, are not enough heeded. Farmers of the South-west look out for your true interests. Despise not book farming. Study its principles. Practice its precepts, and you will never regret it. WILL.

Belton, Texas, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

ROSE WATER.—Put roses into water, add to them a few drops of acid; the vitriolic acid seems to be preferable to any. Soon the water will assume both the color and perfume of the roses. *Another.*—Take two pounds of rose leaves; place them on a napkin tied round the edges of a basin filled with hot water, and put a dish of cold water upon the leaves; keep the bottom water hot, and change the water at the top as soon as it begins to grow warm. By this kind of distillation you will extract a great quantity of the essential oil of the roses by a process which cannot be expensive, and will prove very beneficial.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP FROM SOFT.—Take seven pounds of good soft soap; four pounds sal soda; two ounces borax; 1 ounce hartshorn; half pound rosin, to be dissolved in twenty-five quarts of water and boiled twenty minutes.

EAR ACHE.—Cotton wool wet with camphor, or paregoric, and sweet oil, hot, and the ear bandaged, will give relief.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

TO PREVENT TOOLS FROM RUSTING.—Thousands of dollars are lost each year by the rusting of plows, hoes, shovels, etc. Some of this might be prevented by the application of lard and resin, it is said, to all steel or iron implements. Take three times as much lard as resin, and melt them together. This can be applied with a brush or cloth to all surfaces in danger of rusting, and they can easily be kept bright. If tools are to be laid by for the winter, give them a coating of this, and you will be well repaid. It can be kept for a long time, and should always be on hand, and ready for use.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

DWARF PEARS.—In the "Newspaper" of June 18th, P. inquires if dwarf pears need much pruning, and at what time it should be done?

First.—I would say that they do need a severe pruning every year, for two reasons: one is, that, if not pruned, the top will grow faster than the roots, thereby drawing the nurture into the top that ought to be in the root, and subjecting it to be blown over by the heavy winds, for the quince, on which the pear is budded, does not grow as fast as the pear, if left unpruned: and another reason is, that the tree will not bear if not pruned, for the sap that is needed to form the pear, goes into the limb. A pear budded into a quince stock which forms a dwarf pear, grows more thrifty than any other fruit except the grape, and has more sap than any other; now this sap or juice will not form fruit if the tree is not kept thoroughly headed back.

Second.—At what time should they be pruned? Spring is preferable, but in a mild climate, they will not be injured by pruning in the fall. From the 1st of April to the 20th, in Northern New York, and from the 20th of March to the 10th of April, in New Jersey, I should say was the best time to prune. Trim in form of pyramids. Cut off from half to two-thirds growth of the year previous, from the top, and but very little, if any, off from the sides, at the bottom. Follow this plan for three years, and you will have plenty of fruit. W. W. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WHITE RYE.

Such is the name given to a new variety of this valuable cereal, which ought, and no doubt will, be cultivated generally by farmers, instead of the old, bitter, black kind. There is not a single good quality of the old kind which this does not possess, and there are purposes for which it can be used in preference to the old. It is quite as easily cultivated, yields fully as well, the straw is stiff, nice and clean, is more easily thrashed, the kernel is white, and tastes sweet, and makes as white flour as Mediterranean wheat. I have been raising it for some years, and consequently speak from satisfactory experience. Should any of your numerous readers wish to try this variety for themselves, they can be accommodated for a trifling consideration for the trouble of putting up, &c., by written application to me. If there should be sufficient encouragement to warrant it, I will avail myself of the advantages of the advertising columns of your "Newspaper," to bring this article of culture and my address before the public. D. M. B.

Near Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOW TO SAVE A GIRDLED TREE.

It is not an uncommon thing in the spring to find your fruit trees girdled, especially if you have a young orchard. Thinking, perhaps, that a remedy for the above might not come amiss to some of the readers of the "Newspaper," I pen the following: Cut from the tree so girdled, before the sap starts in the spring, scions long enough to reach from the bark above the girdle to the bark below. Sharpen both ends of the scions, and place them between the bark and the wood at each end of the girdle. The scions should be placed about one inch apart around the tree. By so doing, it gives the sap an opportunity to pass from the roots to the stalk, without interrupting the growth of the tree.

Sweden, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1862. A. F. G.

THE REBELLION.

AFFAIRS BEFORE RICHMOND.

Details of the Events of Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

THE BASE OF OPERATIONS CHANGED BY GEN. McCLELLAN.

Concentration of Our Army between the Chickahominy and the James River.

EVACUATION OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

SUPPLIES TO BE FURNISHED BY THE JAMES RIVER.

[From the New York Times.]

CAMP BEFORE RICHMOND, Saturday, June 28.—The army of the Potomac has no longer need to complain of inactivity, for the comparative quiet of the past month has given place to three days of as desperate, determined and bloody work as the fiercest clamorer for active movements could desire. Though the contest is not yet decided, the result thus far, in its bearings on the general plan of operations, is all that could be desired. We have no great victory to report, no long list of trophies to record, and the movements of an army may present the indications of a reverse, but to those who have been familiar with the position of things here, and the plans of operations they necessitated, matters are assuming a new and more hopeful aspect, for an apparent retreat has really brought us practically nearer to Richmond than we have been at any time before. A military manœuvre, among the most difficult of any when performed in face of an enemy, has been successfully accomplished, and, with forces concentrated upon a new base, we are prepared to operate more efficiently than ever against an enemy divided and weakened in the wild pursuit of an imaginary success. He has been tempted to his ruin; and if I mistake not the signs of the times, his joy will be turned into mourning, and that ere many days. It is vain to be temperate, and I may seem over-hopeful in the midst of apparent disaster, but the campaign here at last assumes shapes and consistency to me, and McClellan appears more completely the master of his position than at any time before.

REBEL PLANS.

It was soon apparent, after Fair Oaks, that the rebel attack upon our left wing had induced a change of programme, and what the new plan has been I think to-day is showing. Up to that time our left wing was the weak point, and to that the chief efforts of the enemy were directed, but with the withdrawal of our main body to the south side of the Chickahominy, the right wing, with its exposed line of communication between the river and White House, has been the point of inviting attack, and though the rebels have apparently been chiefly concerned with efforts against our left wing, there have not been wanting signs and evidence that their real purpose was directed against the right, whose exposed situation must have been fully revealed to them by the bold dash of Stuart's Cavalry across our rear.

During the advance of our pickets in front of Hooker's position on Wednesday, the rebels showed signs of a lack of inclination or ability to oppose any very decided opposition to our advance, and the new ground was gained with far less effort than could be expected. Instead of seeking to drive us from our new position, as many expected they would on Thursday, the rebels turned in another direction, and crossing in large force at Meadow Bridge, one of the upper bridges on the Chickahominy, near Mechanicsville, fell upon our troops in that vicinity in overwhelming force, in an effort to pass around our right wing and sever our line of communication with the Pamunkey, little thinking that was precisely what we wished them to undertake, if disposed to attack us at all.

POSITION OF OUR FORCES ON THE RIGHT.

The troops remaining on that side of the Chickahominy were the corps of Gen. Porter, consisting of Morell's Division, and the Regulars under Sykes, and the division of McCall, with which the army has been recently reinforced, consisting in all of some 25,000 men, a force entirely inadequate to defend the country between the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey against such force as the enemy might bring against them, but one as large as could wisely be spared from the main body of the army.

In the advance here was the Division of Gen. McCall, which has been posted within about three miles of Meadow Bridge. Two miles to his rear, in the vicinity of Dr. Gaines' house, was the main body of Gen. Porter's troops, consisting of the Brigades of Morell, Martindale and Butterfield, Sykes' Regulars, the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, First U. S. Cavalry, Second U. S. Artillery, Third U. S. Artillery, Fourth U. S. Infantry, Twelfth U. S. Infantry, Sixth U. S. Infantry, Fifth U. S. Cavalry, Second U. S. Infantry, Eleventh U. S. Infantry, and the Third U. S. Infantry.

MOVEMENTS OF THE REBELS.

During last week, the enemy opposite this position on the other side of the Chickahominy, have been very quiet, but it has been apparent to those skilled in warfare, that the quietness has been the repose of the tiger preparing for his spring. Secretly and silently the enemy had thrown the bridge across the swamp a short distance below Mechanicsville, nearly opposite the position held by Gen. McCall, so hidden by the trees and undergrowth along the Chickahominy that its existence was not suspected until an adventurous scouting party came upon it a few nights since.

Across this bridge the rebels had thrown up a series of entrenchments on the commanding heights beyond, under the cover of which they attempted on Monday, the 23d instant, to throw two new bridges across the stream, in which effort they met with a determined opposition from our forces, and a heavy thunder-storm coming on that night, compelled them to desist the work they had striven to continue under cover of the darkness. These symptoms of an attack revealing the purpose of the enemy, Gen. McCall was directed to withdraw a mile down the road to a strong position on Beaver Dam creek.

This was to be the line of battle in case of an attack, and further opposition to the rebels attempting to cross was stopped, as, for strategic reasons, it was desired that they should effect a passage.

THE FIGHT COMMENCED.

On Thursday they came taking advantage, apparently, of our occupation, with the movement of the day previous on the left. Crossing the river in strong force, under cover of a heavy fire from their batteries on the opposite side, the enemy pressed down the road against the position of Gen McCall, first attacking his First Brigade, consisting of the Bucktails, and the Fifth, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Pennsylvania Regiments. These troops were soon reinforced by the six regiments forming the other two brigades of the division, and from their strong position behind the swampy ravine of Beaver Dam Creek, held the greatly superior force of the enemy at bay from the time of attack until the going down of the sun, at near 9 o'clock.

THE TROOPS FIRST ASSAILED.

The troops first assailed were the Pennsylvania Bucktails, who were doing picket duty, and were so unfortunate as to leave two of their companies surrounded, and one of them, Company K, is made prisoners—the Captain of the Company—Capt. Irving, escaping to tell the story. From their rifle pits and earthworks McCall's brave men held the advancing rebels in check for near four hours, when they were reinforced by the brigades of Porter's corps, and the fight continued three hours longer, the rebels being repulsed with heavy loss, our troops under the protection of earthworks suffering less. The loss of this day's fight being summed up at some 300.

OUR MEN RETIRE BEFORE THE ENEMY.

That night an order came from Gen. McClellan for Gen. Porter to withdraw his forces gradually to a point near Meadow's Bridge. After a few hours' sleep upon their arms, our troops were aroused, and, in accordance with the plan of operations, Gen. McCall, at 3 o'clock, opened a fire of artillery on the enemy, who vigorously responded, until our forces began gradually to retire before them, as if retreating, but maintaining their ranks in good order, crossing a bridge over a creek on the way, destroying it behind them, compelling the enemy to wait the slow construction of a new passage way in the fire of our opposing artillery, and heavy musketry fire from the Ninth Massachusetts.

Dividing here, our troops continue their retreat over two separate roads, burning behind them such Commissary stores as they could not carry, which, fortunately, was of small account, as the removal of all portable property across the Chickahominy had previously been ordered. Following close after Porter's men, the rebels continued to advance, until they came upon a piece of woods, in which they seemed to hesitate to follow, halting for some time before showing themselves again. But, without waiting for them, our troops still fell back, until near the Chickahominy, at Woodbury's Bridge, where they halted in the open country, which there spreads out into broad fields and fertile pastures.

HEIGHT OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

Quickly the dispositions for battle were made, the division being drawn up in line of battle, the batteries planted in the most elligible positions, and every preparation for holding the ground at any cost, in accordance with the orders received from the Commander-in-Chief. It was now near noon, and our troops had taken fresh courage for effort from the hour or two for rest and refreshment which they had enjoyed. Then the enemy were reported to be again advancing; they opened fire on our men from the woods skirting the plain in which the latter were posted.

First commencing with the usual picket skirmishing, and then swelling into the roar of the artillery duel, the struggle opened between the advanced guard of the two armies, until by 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon the battle raged fiercely all along the lines, until within an hour or two of sunset, when the storm lulled for a time, and then the rebels, who had been meanwhile reinforced, camed on with fresh vigor to the assault. They were soon met with equal determination by Porter's men, aided now by the reinforcements that had come to them from the corps of Franklin, Sumner and Keyes; from the former Slocum's Division, from Sumner the Brigades of French, and the Irish boys under Meagher, and from the further reserved corps of Keyes, the Brigade of Palmer, which had done good service in the fight of Wednesday on the left. Desperately and determinedly did the rebels press forward, but as desperately and determinedly were they met and driven, gaining nothing further that night of the promise of their morning advance. Not until after nine o'clock did the men find rest, which, we may be sure, came not unwelcomed to such of the men as had passed through the struggle, commencing early in the afternoon of the previous day.

Most opportunely was the arrival of the reinforcements that evening, for our troops, hard pressed by superior numbers, were in danger of being driven further back than was intended, and the first symptoms of disorder were showing themselves in the hasty flight of teamsters and lookers-on, the straggling soldiers in the crowd being turned back from Woodbury's Bridge by the strong guard who kept watch over it with their bayonets.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

And so the sun went down upon that battle-field, strewn with the bruised and mangled forms of what have once been men, of what were still men, though shorn of their full proportions, and bidden to go maimed and halting through life. But though the night had settled down upon the earth, and wearied men were sleeping so peacefully, even in the midst of death, rest did not come to all, for there was still a vigilant watch to be kept upon the movements of the enemy, and the near-by work of removing the dead and providing for the wounded. And early in the morning, at 2 o'clock, all were disturbed by the sound of sharp firing coming from the direction of the left, where the enemy were amusing themselves with a night attack on the positions of Sumner, Hooker, and Kearney, with no result that I learn of. Smith's Division, directly opposite Woodbury's Bridge, on the further side of the Chickahominy, were also attacked during the day of Friday, his brave Vermont boys and the Thirty-third New York, with the help of Ayres' and other batteries, repelling the assault with great slaughter.

THE LOSS.

And who can estimate our loss, when none but an Omnipotent eye can, in the confusion of the first hours that follow the engagement, search out the fate of all who appear not with their comrades as they gather with their regiments at night? It will surely exceed a thousand, and I hope not pass the 1,500; but a few days more will tell, while, meanwhile, the list must swell greatly, for the battle is not fully ended. Strategy or no strategy, there must still be desperate fighting, even though the rebels should play into our hands to the end, as they are reported to have done to-day in seeking to possess themselves of the communications with White House, little thinking, probably, how far advanced were the preparations for changing to a new and better base on the James River, where our gunboats can afford us full protection, and we shall have but a single flank to guard.

TROOPS ENGAGED.

The following list includes most of the regiments principally engaged in the battle of Thursday and Friday on the right, to which there is no opportunity for more specific reference in the first hurried report of the engagement. Beside the regulars, mentioned in our account of the battle, were the following troops from the different States:

NEW YORK.

1st N. Y. Cavalry.	1st N. Y. Artillery.
5th New York.	31st New York.
Bregel's N. Y. Artil'y.	12th New York.
14th New York.	24th New York.
10th New York.	25th New York.
18th New York.	13th New York.
32d New York.	27th New York.
16th New York.	69th New York.
57th New York.	88th New York.
52d New York.	63d New York.
61st New York.	7th New York.

PENNSYLVANIA.

9th Pennsylvania.	7th Pennsylvania.
8th Pennsylvania.	1st Pennsylvania.
2d Pennsylvania.	3d Pennsylvania.
10th Pennsylvania.	62d Pensylvania.
5th Pennsylvania.	98th Pennsylvania.
1st Penna. Artillery.	95th Pennsylvania.
12th Pennsylvania.	83d Pennsylvania.
11th Pennsylvania	

MICHIGAN

4th Michigan.	16th Michigan.

1st Michigan.

ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

MASSACHUSETTS.

9th Massachusetts.	22d Massachusetts.

29th Massachusetts.

NEW JERSEY.

2d New Jersey.	3d New Jersey.
1st New Jersey.	4th New Jersey.

5th New Jersey.

MAINE.

2d Maine.	5th Maine.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—5th New Hampshire.

DELAWARE.—2d Delaware.

THE LATE BATTLE ON JAMES' ISLAND

[From the Charleston Mercury, June 18th.]

Secessionville is a small village, the summer retreat of a few of the James Island planters. It is on the eastern side of the island, on a high plot of land lying on a bold creek, which winds through the marshes between James', or Morris' (or Solly) Island, and empties into the Stono river, near its mouth. This creek runs immediately up to Secessionville. On the west of the village, a short shallow creek makes its way towards the waters of Charleston Bay. Thus a tongue of land is formed between the two creeks. It is connected with the body of the land by a narrow neck of thirty yards width, some four hundred or five hundred yards south of Secessionville. Here Lamar's Battery is located across the high land, and flanked on each side by marsh and the creeks. It is a simple earthwork, heavily constructed, having a plain face, with an obtuse angle on each side. It faces south, in the direction of Battery Island, Legare's, Rivers' and Grimball's plantations, on the Stono river, which is about two miles off. From this point the cleared high land stretches out toward the Stono river, like the top of a funnel, for the distance of near a mile, interrupted only by the division lines between fields, hedges and ditches. These fields are covered with weeds three feet high. The edges of the high land and marsh are skirted with brushwood and sea myrtles. In the background are patches of wood between these fields and the Stono. On the borders of these woods three batteries of the enemy are located; and besides these land batteries, the gunboats, approaching by way of the Secessionville Creek, can open fire as they please. For the last fortnight, a fight at long taw has been going on, at intervals, between the Secessionville Battery and the guns of the enemy, and our artillerymen have been much fagged by their watching and exertions. They have done much to keep the foe in check.

On Sunday night, two companies, consisting of the Charleston Light Infantry, from the Charleston Battalion, under Captain T. Y. Symons, and Company A, Captain Smart, from Smith's Battalion, were thrown out half a mile in front of the work. The rest of the men of these two battalions of infantry, stationed at Secessionville to support the battery, were laboriously occupied during the night. The two companies of Lamar's South Carolina Volunteer Artillery—Reid's and Keitt's—were also engaged in labor until a half hour of dawn, when they were ordered by Col. Lamar to take a nap. At break of day the pickets came running in just before the advancing foe. When Col. Lamar was notified and looked out from the work he was to defend, the enemy had approached to within 400 yards. But 25 of the garrison were awake. It was a complete surprise, and nothing but the nerve, promptitude and energy of the officers, especially the commanding officer, saved the battery from easy capture. The first round was fired when the column was within thirty paces of the guns. It was directed by Col Lamar himself. The shot burst through the closed ranks with great havoc, and the foe soon retired. The wearied men, startled by the sound, or aroused by shakes or bayonet punches from their officers, sprang to their guns. The two infantry battalions rushed to their quarters for their weapons, formed under their officers, and came to the assistance of the gunners. Three land batteries, two sections of field artillery, and three gunboats began to open upon the work.

The second charge of the enemy was made and repulsed with slaughter. And again the third. The animated fire from our riflemen, co-operating with the deadly discharges of grape and canister, swept the field in front, and cut down the skirmishers, who, deploying on the left flank under cover of some bushes, had come up to the very work at the angle. In these successful efforts, which occurred at five o'clock in the morning, Col. Lamar fell from the effect of a minie ball striking him through the lower part of the ear and running round the neck under the skin. To his cool courage and energy, in the early part of the action, is due the preservation of the position, under circumstances of great peril, from the surprise. His brave example and personal efforts greatly inspired his command. After Colonel Lamar was wounded, he was unable to stand, from his great loss of blood, and was carried off as soon as practicable. His place in the battery was filled by that able, accomplished and indefatigable officer of the regular artillery, Lieut. Col. P. M. Wagner, being the next officer in rank present—as Colonel Gulliard had been stationed at the post with his battalion for some time, and had done good service. Col. Wagner, who was only temporarily there, requested him to assume command, adding that he would aid him and take charge of the battery. This he did until the conclusion of the fight, between eight and nine o'clock, sustaining a terrible flank fire and directing the gunnery with great coolness and precision.

Upon failing to storm the work, or to flank it on the left or eastward side, the enemy drew off and came up on the right flank, on the other side of the small creek and north to the marsh. Here, at the short distance of about 150 yards, three regiments, deploying in line of battle, and partially covered by a small growth of underbrush, poured upon the gunners of the work, and upon two batteries of infantry drawn up facing them across the marsh, a continuous and deadly fire. The gun-carriages were torn and perforated by many balls. Many of our men fell at the guns and along the line forward, to the rearward of the battery and its right flank. The contest was very unequal and trying. It raged for some time, but at this critical juncture, the Louisiana batteries came up gallantly at the double quick, under its skillful officer, Lieut. Col. McHenry. By the guidance of Maj. Hudson, of Smith's battalion, it formed on the right of that corps, facing the marsh. This reinforcement and its galling fire disheartened the foe. Capt. Boyce, with one gun of light artillery, began to play on his rear. He began to fall back, fairly beaten off. While the struggle was progressing, immediately on the rear right flank of the battery against these three regiments, a formidable force of the foe attempted, by passing further out to the West, to gain the rear of our position. But in skirting a wood they came upon the advancing lines of the Eutaw Regiment, Col. Simonton, who had come two miles. Declaring they were friends—not to shoot—they came close up and fired into our men, killing many. But the response they got was cutting. The wood edge was strewn with dying and the dead. Thirty or forty bodies were picked up here. The movement was foiled. Nothing was left but retreat from every portion of the field.

It was a bloody fight, fought against odds, by exhausted men, without preparation. It was a signal victory of Southern patriots over the murderous invaders of their soil. The five regiments attacking are said to be the Seventy-ninth New York, Highlanders, the Eighth Michigan, one from Massachusetts, a New Hampshire and Connecticut regiments. But for the distance of our troops and the brief time occupied in the action, together with obstructions in the road, preventing the passage of light artillery to the enemy's rear, their whole force may perhaps have been taken or cut up. From the account of prisoners, who assert that there were nine United States regiments out that morning, it is probable that four regiments were held in reserve to support the five engaged, and to protect their retreat.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

SEIZURE OF A FRENCH BARK IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE CITY.

Advices from New Orleans to the 21st, by the steamship Blackstone, have been received.

The French bark Cephese, from Marseilles, via Vera Cruz, with a cargo of brandy and wine, and $60,000 in specie, was seized in the river by custom-house official W. Cameron, and has been ordered North for adjudication.

The Blackstone's cargo consists of 149 bales cotton, 667 hhds. and 86 bbls. sugar, 271 bbls. resin, 91 boxes wine, 3 boxes mdze, 3000 staves, consigned to D. DeGoicouria & Co.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

The time for all those in office to take the oath of allegiance expired on the 21st. A correspondent of the Times says: I must confess I have been sadly disappointed in the evidences of loyalty that I expected to discover in this city. I have watched with care the different places provided by the Government where the oath of allegiance could be taken, and, with a very few honorable exceptions, so far I have seen none of the substantial citizens present. An apathy that is fearful, as unparalleled, everywhere prevails. Even among those whom I have looked upon as true Union men—men whom I expected would rush to place themselves under the flag—men who have, through the rebellion, lived in New Orleans and maintained the reputation of being opposed to the rebellion, men who have even been daring enough to condemn the Confederate leaders, and publicly decry the secession of Louisiana as a National calamity—even such men are holding off, are practically, indeed, by their example, worse enemies to our cause than the open and defiant secessionist.

ORDER IN THE CITY.

Our soldiers have had possession of the city now nearly a month. In that time the peace of the city was never more perfect. Courts, though military tribunals, have been established, that the most carping Secessionists admit have administered justice with the most impartial hand. Life was never before so safe—crime, except among the lawless, the spawn, indeed, of the past political abuses of the city, has almost ceased. Our soldiers have been respectful to the citizens beyond any military precedence in the world's history. Private property has been scrupulously regarded; in short, all that could be done by human foresight, or by a paternal Government, to mollify or win over the substantial people of the city, has been done, *in all so far without avail. Not a flag has yet appeared by a citizen upon a public or a private house.* Many of the humbler classes would be glad to do this, I have no doubt; but a terror, a vague uncertainty prevails, that paralyzes all demonstration. The Dead Sea is alone a fit physical emblem of the moral waste of this city.

THE ANIMUS OF THE CONSULAR INTERFERENCE WITH GENERAL BUTLER EXPLAINED.

[From the New Orleans Delta of June 21.]

It is somewhat amusing to see the protest of the Consular Agents of this city in regard to the proclamation of the able Major-General commanding this department.

Now, why is it that the foreign Consuls did not protest against foreign residents taking the oath of allegiance before the Provost Marshal of the Confederate States?

How is it that American vessels were made foreign vessels, for the purpose of running the blockade and violating the neutrality laws?

How is it that foreign subjects were dragged out of their beds to serve in the Confederate States militia, and the foreign Consuls never protested against it?

How was it that the Cazadores Espanoles, Guard a Italia, and Scandinavian Guard, mostly all foreign subjects, were forced by Confederate States officers, and under threat of being bayonetted by a surrounding force of Confederate States subjects (C. S. Guard), to go into the Confederate States forts below St Philip and Jackson, stolen from the United States Government, and the body of foreign Consuls made no protest?

How is it that foreigners constantly run the blockade with arms and ammunitions from Havana, for the Confederate States Government, and the Consuls did not protest?

But there was one item. It was probably profitable to buy cotton cheap and run the blockade, and sell the proceeds of their sales in sterling bills, at 150 to 200 per cent., and therefore the connivance.

How is it that the meeting of neutral citizens and foreigners, being held on Tchoupitoulas street before the arrival of the Federal fleet, was broken up, dispersed and insulted by an armed mob, and the foreign Consuls made no protest?

AN OLD RESIDENT OF THE SOUTH,
(of Foreign Birth.)

New Orleans, June 20, 1862.

THE SHELLING OF TOWNS.

General Lovell, of Louisiana, has sent a note to Com. Farragut, complaining of the shelling of Grand Gulf. He says:

"My batteries are located at such points on the river as are deemed best suited for the desired purposes, and without reference to or connection with the poeple of the town. Should the site happen to fall within a village, you, of course, are at liberty to return the fire. Should it be in the vicinity of one, however, the usages of civilized warfare do not justify its destruction, unless demanded by the necessities of attack or defence."

Commodore Farragut, in answer, says:

"You say you locate your batteries at such points on the river as are deemed best suited, &c, without reference to the people of the town, and claim no immunity for your troops. Now, therefore the volition is with you—you choose your own time and place for the attack upon our defenceless people, and should therefore see that the innocent and defenceless of your own people are out of the way before you make the attack, for rest assured that the fire will be returned, and we will not hold ourselves answerable for the death of the innocent. If we have ever fired upon your women and children it was done here, at Baton Rouge, when an attempt was made to kill one of our officers landing in a small boat manned with four boys. They were, when in the act of landing, mostly wounded by the fire of some thirty or forty horsemen, who chivalrously galloped out of the town, leaving the women and children to bear the brunt of our vengeance. At Grand Gulf, also, our transports were fired upon in passing, which caused the place to be shelled, with what effect I knew not; but I do know that the fate of a town is at all times in the hands of a military commandant, who may at pleasure draw the enemy's fire upon it, and the community is made to suffer for the acts of its military."

He also reminds General Lovell that the only instance where women and children were fired upon was by Gen. Lovell himself, when he fired into a crowd at New Orleans, on the day the city was captured.

BEAUREGARD ON HALLECK.

[From the Mobile Evening News]

HEAD-QUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT, June 17, 1862.

Gentlemen—My attention has just been called to the following despatch (published in your issue of yesterday) of Major General Halleck, commanding enemy's forces, which, coming from such a source, is most remarkable in one respect—that it contains as many misrepresentations as lines:

"WASHINGTON, June 4, 1862.—The following despatch was received this afternoon at the War Department:

"HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS, June 4, 1862.

"Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Gen. Pope, with 40,000 men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured.

"Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Col. Elliot had cut the railroad on his line of retreat he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best way they could.

"We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already repaired and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days.

"The result is all I could possibly desire.

"H. W. HALLECK,
"Major-General Commanding."

General Pope *did not* "push hard" upon me with 40,000 men, thirty miles from Corinth, on the 4th instant, for my troops occupied a defensive line in rear of "Twenty-mile Creek" less than twenty-five miles from Corinth, until the 8th instant, when the want of good water induced me to retire at *my leisure* to a better position; moreover, if General Pope had attempted, at any time during the retreat from Corinth, to *push hard* upon me, I would have given him such a lesson as would have checked his ardor; but he was careful to advance on *after* my troops had retired from each successive position.

The retreat was conducted with great order and precision, doing much credit to the officers and men under my orders, and must be looked upon in every respect by the country as equivalent to a brilliant victory.

General Pope must certainly have dreamed of having taken 10,000 prisoners and 15,000 stand of arms! for we positively *never lost them.* About 100 or 200 stragglers would probably cover all the prisoners he took, and about 500 damaged muskets all the arms he got. These belonged to a convalescent camp (four miles south of Corinth), evacuated during the night, and were overlooked on account of the darkness. The actual number of *prisoners* taken during the retreat was about equal on both sides, and they were but few.

Major General Halleck must be a very credulous man, indeed, to believe the absurd story of "that farmer." He ought to know that the burning of two or more cars on a railroad, is not sufficient to make "Beauregard frantic" and ridiculous, especially when I expected every moment to hear of the capture of his marauding party, whose departure from Farmington had been communicated to me the day before, and I had given in consequence all necessary orders; but a part of my forces passed Booneville an hour before the arrival of Colonel Elliott's command, and the other part arrived just in time to drive it away and liberate the convalescents captured: unfortunately, however, not in time to save four of the sick, who were barbarously consumed in the station-house. Let Colonel Elliott's name descend to infamy, as the author of such a revolting deed. General Halleck did not capture nine locomotives. It was only by the accidental destruction of a bridge before some trains had passed, that he got seven engines, in a damaged condition, the cars having been burned by my orders.

It is indeed lamentable to see how little our enemies respect truth and justice, when speaking of their military operations, especially when, through inability or over-confidence, they meet with deserved failure.

If the result be "all he desired," it can be said he is easily satisfied; it remains to be seen whether his government and people will be of the like opinion.

I attest that all we lost at Corinth, and during the retreat, would not amount to one day's expenses of his army.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. T. BEAUREGARD.

TOOMBS AND HIS COTTON.

Gen. Robert Toombs has been called to account by a "Committee of Public Safety," for planting unusually large crops of cotton, thereby curtailing the provision crop necessary for the war. Another committee of safety demanded his negroes to work on the public defences. Toombs does not seem disposed to agree with either committee. He goes on cultivating his cotton, and he refuses to allow a single hand to work on the defences. He says:

"My property, so long as I live, shall never be subject to the order of those cowardly miscreants, the Committee of Public Safety, at Randolph county and Eufaula. You may rob me in my absence, but you cannot intimidate me."

FROM GEN. BANKS' COLUMN.

SUBSISTENCE—WHEAT FIELDS—GEN. GEARY—MOUNTAIN HOWITZERS.

A letter from Winchester, dated the 23d, gives an account of affairs in that quarter.

Subsistence for our horses is becoming less a serious difficulty. All that is now required is a sharp scythe, and this is becoming almost as important an implement of warfare as the sabre or bayonet. It is much easier to go into a field of fine grass near the turnpike and cut enough hay for our horses, than to be scouring the country for miles, with a strong escort, to find a few loads of hay, oftentimes old and musty.

The wheat fields are becoming white unto the harvest. In a few weeks the immense crops of this valley will be all ripe and gathered. Then look out for Jackson.

Two important reconnoissances have recently been made; one down the Luray valley west of the Blue Ridge, and one through the valley east of it.

The first one proceeded as far as Milford, but found nothing of the enemy. The other went as far as Sperryville, and met companies of guerrillas but learned nothing of the whereabouts of Jackson. One company of rebel cavalry was ascertained to have moved in the direction of the Manassas Gap Railroad for the purpose of breaking up our direct communication with Washington Since then it is reported that the regular trains have been suspended.

Gen. Geary, who has been protecting with his small command the extent of that road from Manassas Junction to Front Royal—a distance of over fifty miles—has certainly a herculean task imposed upon him. Every man of his command, spread out as it is over such a distance, has been counted by the rebels, who are perfectly well aware that they can destroy it at their leisure when they feel inclined. General Geary, whose important services are too well known to need to be recounted, will most certainly make the best use of his resources to protect the road, but his failure to do so cannot justly detract from the credit so fairly due him for his hitherto successful career.

The weather continues remarkably cool for this season of the year. The rebels seem to think that Providence is tempering the heat for our comfort and assistance. They had hoped it would be so warm that we could not remain here. It has been, thus far, though warm occasionally, very tolerable. A breeze from the hills around us makes the weather to this time very favorable for our army.

A number of one-horse gun carriages passed through town toward Strasburg. A small mountain howitzer mounted upon a light carriage, and drawn by a single horse, capable of being moved very rapidly and very suitable for use against the rebel cavalry, in which there have been some such howitzers in use for some time.

THE WOMEN OF WINCHESTER SYMPATHIZE WITH THE REBEL PRISONERS—A "YANKEE" FOOLS THEM.

A correspondent of the World, writing from Winchester, tells the following good story:

I enjoyed a rare entertainment not long since. Many of the rebel prisoners have been walking about town, receiving constantly the attentions of the citizens, who are rejoiced to lavish all their hospitality upon them, without regard to rank or appearance. You may see ragged gray coats, uncombed hair and unwashed faces, promenading the streets with the finest ladies in town, at any hour of the day. The rebels are invited to tea, to evening parties, and all the arts which the ladies know are exhausted in making their condition as pleasant as possible; and, from the smiling faces they wear, you would think them very well pleased in their imprisonment with the liberty of the corporation.

Two of our soldiers, both Yankees, one from Boston and one from Vermont, bethought themselves to transfer upon their own heads a portion of this courtesy and hospitality. One of them was accordingly arrayed in gray apparel of homespun, bestrode upon a beast of slight and angular outlines, furnished with a double barrel shot gun, and such trappings and accoutrements as usually accompany a Virginia cavalryman. His sabre and ammunition are worn by his companion, who, in full U. S. uniform and an excellent horse end equipments, rides by his side and assumes the air of a captor toward the rebel soldier, who wears the depressed and downcast countenance of a prisoner of war.

In this way they ride through town, and the confederate receives many a nod of sympathy as he passes; and when he arrives at a fine residence on the outskirts, where half a score of ladies are gathered together, gossiping on the probable fate of Ashby and the possibility of Jackson's returning again, one lady espies him and calls out to the rest. "There is one of our confederates. Poor fellow! he has just been captured." All rushed in a moment to the porch, and united their cries and entreaties to the Union soldier to stop for a moment, and allow his prisoner to come into the house and rest, and have something to eat and drink.

The Unionist protested that he was in haste to take his charge to Harper's Ferry, but consented to go in with him for a few moments. Such a jubilee as succeeded! The ladies laughed, clapped their hands, sang patriotic songs to cheer him up—

"The spirit still is in us
Of Henry and of Lee"—

brought in a glass of whisky for the captor and captured, and succeeded in dispelling the grief from the face of the prisoner, and bringing the whole party into a state of exhilaration.

Then they drew from him the story of his capture. He had been sitting under a tree reading, when the federal approached almost beside him before he was aware of it. He fired his pistol and started toward his horse, when the pistol of his captor discharged a ball which passed through a something about his neck containing several mysterious papers, which he succeeded in throwing away. (This the ladies rejoiced at exceedingly.) The federal had disarmed him and had just arrived in town with the prisoner.

After spending a half hour in accepting the kind words and offices of the ladies, the federal demanded that his prisoner should bid adieu to his friends, which was done with many affectionate good wishes, and the two Yankees put spurs to their horses and escaped down the next street, to laugh over their success in befooling the secession ladies of Winchester.

Having witnessed the entire performance myself, I can testify to the truthfulness with which each performed his part. No one would have suspected the genuineness of Mr. ——, of Ashby's cavalry, from Loudoun.

A GLASGOW carter was met one day by a neighbor. He was shedding tears. "What's the matter, John?" inquired the neighbor. "Oh, Sandy, my mither's dead," sobbed the carter. "Is that a'?" rejoined the neighbor. "I feared it had been your horse!"

The World would be the Better for It.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, insted of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it—
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands
And more in deeds and bonds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would shield its knife
Till Good becomes more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it—
If talent shone
In truth alone—
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it,
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A Business Letter from Artemus Ward.

"*To the Editor of the* ——. Sir: I am movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I went you should write me a letter, sayin how is the show business in your place. My show at present consists of the three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozing little Raskal—'twould make you larf yerself to death to see the little cuss jump up and squeak) wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyous moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c, ekalled by few and excelled by none. Now, Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show biziness down to your place. I shall hav my handbills dun at your offis. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in gamin style. Also git up a tremenjus excitement in your paper bowt my onparalleled Show. We must fetch the publik somehow. We must work on their feelins. Cum the moral on em strong. If it's a temperance community tell em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter I'se born, but on the contrary, if your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, & the life and sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anything abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmless as the new-born Babe. What a hinterestin study it is to see a rare zewological animal like a snaik under perfekt subjecshun! My Kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for fifteen cents. I ham anxus to skewer your great inflohence. I repeat in regard to them ere handbills that I shall get em struck orf up to yeur printin offis. My perlitical sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becaws I never saw a man whose didn't. Respectfully yours, A. WARD.

Curing a Canine.

A good-natured friend of ours, in the baking line, owned a very fine dog, which he valued highly for his hunting qualities. Recently, the animal exhibited symptoms of some bodily ailment, which seemed to baffle the virtue of every remedy that was applied for its relief. Under these circumstances, the owner very naturally began to entertain serious fears for the dog's recovery, when an individual presented himself, who promised, for the trifling sum of one dollar, *to quiet the animal in little less than no time.* The owner's eyes brightened up at the proposal, and he instantly concluded the bargain by handing over the dollar and the dog. The *soi dissnt* physician took charge of both, and then proceeded to a druggist's, where, for the small sum of five cents, he procured a dose of poison, which he lost no time in administering to the dog, and the consequence was, that in less than half an hour the animal "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

"How is the dog?" asked the owner of the "physician," a few days afterwards.

"Quiet—perfectly quiet—he gave a few groans; described a short circle several times then finally laid down, gave several spasmodic kicks, and ——"

"What! is the dog dead?" ejaculated the owner, with the utmost astonishment depicted on his countenance.

"Dead! of course he is," replied the physician, "didn't I prom se to *quiet* him?"

"Oh, yes, but, then—you know—the fact is—good morning, sir," and the owner of the dog incontinently sloped, having by this time "smelt an exceedingly large mice."

Picket Stories.

Funny things occur on picket, near Mechanicsville. A day or two ago, just at the breakfast hour, when the aroma of good coffee is doubly delicious, our pickets were accosted by a voice from the rebel side a few rods only distant, with—

"Hallo, there!"
"Hallo yourself!"
"What you doing over there?"
"Making some coffee. Have some?"
"Will you let me come over?"
"Yes."
"Will you let me come back?"
"Yes"
"Honor bright?"
"Yes."

And over he came. His coffee drunk, he smacked his lips and said:

"Well, that's very nice; we don't get any of that over on our side."

Then, casting his eye around, scrutinizing the neat appearance of our men, he continued:

"Well, you look very comfortable; all of you live so?"

"Yes."

A few moments more of silence, and he broke out—

"Well, I like the looks of things here; I believe I wont go back." And he didn't.

"In Death they Were Not Divided."

On Sunday, the 18th inst., Mrs. Marcy Mott, aged 80 years and 8 months, died; and on Monday, the 19th, Mr. Stephen Mott, her husband, aged 86 years and 8 months, followed her to the spirit land. They resided in Scituate, Mass., and had lived together as husband and wife for sixty-three years. Mr. Mott had been able to superintend the work upon his farm. A day or two before his wife's death he was told that she would not probably recover, and on leaving the room he said, "Marcy is going, and I guess I shall go too." He survived her but a few hours, and they were both buried in one grave on Wednesday.

Queer Inheritance.

"As to being inflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, looking very wisely as she stirred her tea, "high living doesn't always bring it on, depend upon it, though it generally does, sometimes. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, inherits it from his wife's grandfather." "A very queer sort of transmitted gout," replied Doctor Spooner, quietly, but no further remark was made.

Inquiring Mind.

A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptised, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mama if she intended to carry Willy to be christened?

"Why, no," said his mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptised twice?"

"What," returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it don't take the first time?"

NO DESCRIPTION of a Yankee has ever been given so thoroughly characteristic as this:

He'd kiss a queen till he'd raise a blister,
With his arms round her neck and his old felt hat on;
Address a king by the title of Mister,
And ask him the price of throne he sat on.

A VENERABLE LADY in her hundredth year lost her daughter, who attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condole with her, she remarked, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know I should never be able to raise that child!"

A PASSENGER on a steamer had a roll of canvas with him; in a lurch of the boat it rolled overboard. He pitched in after it; on seeing which a bystander remarked: "As that fellow is in for a *duck*, he is bound to have the *canvas back*."

"THERE ARE PEOPLE," says Mrs. Partington, "who can bathe with impunity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains, or India's coral stands; but as for me, I prefer to bathe in water that's a leetle torpid."

MEN DYING make their wills—why cannot wives? Because they have their wills during their lives.

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 9 15 1 is an American quadruped.
My 4 14 10 15 is a county in Illinois. [*lupus.*
My 12 16 2 7 is a quadruped of the genus
My 8 3 10 was a Roman Deity.
My 5 13 7 is a pronoun.
My 11 14 8 6 is an animal.
My whole is the wise saying and name of one of the wisest men of antiquity. J. M. L.

CHARADE.

Among the steep and frowning rocks,
And where the mountain streams pour down
In the valleys where feed the flocks,
Hated of man my first is found.
Buried beneath the monarch oak,
And under the cypress cooling shade,
My second attracts the lightning's stroke,
'Mid the raging storm is undismayed.
My all is a useful little weed,
Oftimes used by man
To soothe his ills in time of need,
Now guess it, reader, if you can. T. G. B.
Sandyston, 1862.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a field of grass like a person much older than yourself? Because it is past-your-age.

What town in Virginia, by taking out of it batsle, is reduced to part of a candle? Warwick.

What town, if you take from it a stream, is reduced to an animal a one? Oxford.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "*Newspaper*:"—"*Samuel F. Dupont and Andrew H. Foote.*"

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16